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CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES,

ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION, AND THE BEST MEANS OF PROMOTING IT.

(*The Prize Essay*).

II. LITERATURE.—We now come to what is more properly the province of literature, as distinct from theology, whether dogmatic, apologetic or polemical. As we have already intimated, we embrace under this head all works by real Catholics, whether on strictly Catholic topics or not, as forming a literature for us, perfectly safe and free from ignorant, malevolent and unmannerly slanders. These authors we shall consider under the head of 1, historians,—2, essayists,—3, literateurs,—and 4, poets, concluding by a review of the periodical press.

1. In the branch of history there are portions of our own country to which the early French and Spanish colonies and missions give an interest, which Bancroft was the first to develop: it was clear that if left to bigoted and ignorant writers, these portions could not but be unjustly treated, while a Catholic could, without laying himself open to charge of partiality, from a knowledge of ideas and motives, do full justice at least to the subject. Every one of our writers, then, who devotes his time to such portions of our country's history does a double service. Martin, a Catholic, was the first historian of North Carolina and then of Louisiana, while as a priest he was without a rival. O'Callaghan in his history of New Netherland, gave the first account of the Dutch colony of New York and also the first account of the rise and progress of the celebrated Jesuit missions among the Iroquois in the same state. Future writers cannot pass either with a sneer, they must examine authorities and give facts, not *à priori* theories. McSherry does justice, but certainly pays no biased admiration, to the early settlers in Maryland, and their noble but mistaken policy. "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi" restores the claim of the early missionaries as pioneers of the West, and redeems them from the charge of fraud so largely bestowed by prejudiced and unthinking rivals, who, like Las Casas, little thought that their inconsiderate words would be used as weapons against their own religion.

Others have by contributions in various ways done service to future historians. None of these works of which we now speak, mostly local histories, have any pretension to rank as literary compositions or are to be judged as rivalling

Préscott, Bancroft, or Parkman. They have in their local subjects and its details a bar to any great beauty of arrangement and style. Compared with others in the same field, they are, however, superior to the majority, and surpassed by few of the local historians of the country.

In general history this country can boast of having produced Fredet's *Ancient and Modern History*, a work written with much clearness, ease and power, but above all, the only reliable general history in our language.

Church history and biography has naturally received more attention. Dr. Pise, the dean of American Catholic authors, began his career by our first work of the kind, a history of the Church, unfortunately never completed, and too voluminous for general use, but well and concisely written, faithful and free from declamation. His biography of St. Ignatius and his companions, is obnoxious to the charge of being at times unnatural and marred by neologisms; but it was too little disseminated, as a work on the early Jesuits was and is much needed, and this account was accurate and, with the exception above noted, extremely well written.

Dr. Spalding, now Bishop of Louisville, began the history of the Church in his diocese by his "*Sketches of Kentucky*," and continues it in his life of his predecessor, the sainted Flaget. These embody a mass of most interesting facts, but the author evidently wanted time; facts are often mistaken, unsafe authorities too implicitly followed, frequently into gross errors, and the whole bears in style and form evidences of too hasty composition, or the want of a patient and well informed editor. This is the more to be regretted as there is a frank, open manner in the works of Bishop Spalding, which is engaging and attractive, and capable, were the attainment not of too little consequence, compared to greater duties, of being made to equal Headley, or the Abbots, the masters of that style.

Dr. White in his life of Mrs. Seton, or as we learned in childhood to call her "*Mother Seton*," has certainly produced the most finished and carefully written work of the class in our literature. As editor of the *Catholic Magazine* and *Almanac* he has contributed largely to the history of the Church in America, and brings to his labors good taste, a pleasing style, sound judgment and great fidelity of research.

Bishop Bayley of Newark has just given a sketch of Catholicity in the island of New York, too brief indeed to do justice to the many interesting topics it embraces, but clear, accurate, judicious, and above all a model of a calm, pure English style. A life of Bishop Quarter sketches the rise of Catholicity in his diocese of Chicago.

Bernard U. Campbell began in the *Catholic Magazine* a life of Archbishop Carroll, extremely valuable not only for the exceedingly interesting manner in which it is written, but also for the varied acquaintance it shows with American history, and the Catholic portion of that history. No greater loss can be sustained than the failure of this writer to give his work complete, and in a more accessible form.

A hitherto anonymous writer in the same Magazine gave the lives of all the Catholic priests put to death on the early missions in the United States. His style was not exempt from a charge of dullness, but his examination of the French and Spanish authorities, makes his sketches a most reliable source for the history of the early missions.

Besides these works relating to American Church history, we have from the pen of the scholarly Walter, lives of Sir Thomas More, and Mary, Queen of Scots, both of whom may be deemed martyrs of the faith. These lives are ex-

trremely well written, full of interest, devoid of all pedantic affectation, simple, clear, and in their tone pure and elevating.

No portion of our English literature is more deeply imbued with falsehood than history,* and it is grateful to see that our Catholic literature has done so much to restore truth. Since the English Reformation, when the crown usurped the spiritual power, and in consequence claimed a divine right, the flatterers of kings in their writings poured every obloquy on any who had dared to oppose previous monarchs on behalf of the Church. With the Moorish ballad they sung:

"There is no law, to say such things
As are not pleasing to the ears of kings."

Dunstan, Becket, Anselm, Edmund, had been canonized by the Church, and all are reviled by the flatterers of Henry and the other Popes of London. To us republicans, it has always been a source of merriment and wonder to see American writers follow in the same train, when, by every rule of logic, they should give those saints a republican canonization for their attempts to confine the power of tyrannical kings to the civil government, which is the only province of princes. In England the writers of the lives of the English saints apparently feared to touch St. Dunstan or St. Thomas, but here their lives might be most usefully written; and what we still want of our historic writers are works to dispel popular delusions on various matters of history. Walter's works began this. A life of More is a better method of exposing Henry than a diatribe against that king. The captivity of Mary in like manner unfolds what was the Somerset religion in its early days of fervor, and shows what virtues it most inculcated.

The Indian Sketches and Oregon Missions of Father de Smet are undoubted favorites, no less from the subject than from the graceful, easy narrative, the deep interest and sympathy which the missionary awakens by his story.

With these we end the notices of our historical writers, a body which must constantly increase and will soon call forth the best talent among us; for the field is large, inviting and almost unoccupied.

2. Under the head of essayists, reviewers and lecturers, we can find not a few, contributors to reviews and periodicals, or occupants of lecturers' chairs in the long winter evenings. Brownson was long known as a reviewer and essayist before he came among us, and was feared and respected by all; for just, stern and positive, he never spared his own party, if he believed it in fault. As a Catholic he has not changed, but his terrible logic sometimes becomes too fine spun, and he is apt to be exaggerated and sweeping. His style is clear and solid, but requires study and reflection to follow his train of thought; hence his writings are more esteemed than his oral discourses. Of the former a volume has been published under the title of Essays. Dr. Spalding excels as a reviewer. His review of the History of the Reformation by D'Aubigné, which attracted so much attention a few years since, was by far the best of his works. The lectures and letters of Archbishop Hughes are marked by singular vigor, depth and power, a keen sense of satire and that closeness of argument which in earlier life won him such repute as a con-

*Dickens, whose "Child's History of England" has every vice that any of its predecessors possessed, is nevertheless conscious that history in our days is a branch of fiction.

"I suppose history never lies, does it?" said Mr. Dick, with a gleam of hope. "O dear, no, sir!" I replied most decisively. *I was ingenuous and young, and I thought so.*"

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

troversialist. Several others have to a greater or lesser degree distinguished themselves in this career, but their writings are inaccessible or known only in particular localities, and cannot be considered as forming part of our current literature.

3. With the most prolific class, the litterateurs, we have now to deal, and here we are most likely to come under criticism; for these writers are of so varied attainments, have written so well and so ill, have sometimes been so unjustly treated where they really deserved praise, and been exalted to the skies when certainly some censure was needed, that we feel indeed somewhat fearful that in our endeavor to be impartial, we shall always be leaning to the opposite side. But relying on our profession of literary faith heretofore made, we remind the reader that we are not comparing the different classes of writers together, and that where writers are few the most opposite opinions may safely be given, and be really true.

Most of our litterateurs are contributors to the periodical press, Catholic and otherwise. Most of them, however, have published tales, sketches or romances, or would-be tales, sketches and romances. Dr. Pise was the first Catholic writer of tales. His *Father Rowland* and the *Indian Cottage*, both controversial, began his career of popularity. Other writers followed gradually, but a few years since they began to come out regularly, and every Catholic publisher has issued several. Doctor Pise contributed his new mite; Mrs. Dorsey of Baltimore, Mrs. Sadlier of Montreal, McSherry the historian, Cannon and several other New York writers swelled the number of our short tales. The Rev. Mr. Boyce in his *Shandy McGuire* and the *Spæwife*, Huntington in his *Alban* and the *Forest*, McLeod in his *Pynnshurst* and *Bloodstone*, rose to a higher sphere and gave us works to compete with any of the day; while the author of *Justo Ucundono* opened a new plan of didactic treatises, in which, as in our controversial tales, the teaching of doctrine is conveyed by the vehicle of fiction.

Of these writers Huntington is, we suppose, the first in the dramatic arrangement of his plot, and its artistic development, in the classic purity of his English, the arrangement of his sentences and the beauty of his descriptions: in the external as well as the internal qualities. Boyce, in his dramatic style, his fire, his constant activity, is superior; but in language, æsthetics and development of plot, decidedly inferior to the author of *Lady Alice*. McLeod, in his *Pynnshurst*, is in his peculiar element, and this ramble in Switzerland is worth half our tourists bundled all together. There is freshness, vivacity, quaintness, genial humor, and at times a pleasant dreaminess that carry the reader most delightfully on. His *Life of Walter Scott* is still better, and by far the best biography of the novelist. In his tales we see a want of fire and action; there are in the *Bloodstone* deep touches of feeling, vivid description, but it does not so allure the reader on that he cannot lay it down half finished to resume it at leisure. The powers of this writer are, however, of no ordinary description, and he will do the more good, as he is entirely free from any of the excesses into which some "nuevos cristianos" are apt to rush.

Of the minor writers of the day, we think that Cannon, McSherry, Mrs. Dorsey and Mrs. Sadlier have succeeded best in their tales. The *Pere Jean* of the Maryland historian is a beautiful, simple sketch, in perfect keeping with the time and characters he has chosen; well conducted and pleasing, and far superior to his *Willitoft*. Cannon's *Mora Carmody* and other tales evince alike taste, education and talent. Mrs. Sadlier has written many tales and translated more, most of her own being of Irish scenes. These she conducts with great skill, and her popularity is not undeserved. Her *Willy Burke* and other American tales are true to

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nature, simple, unaffected and well fitted for young readers. In Mrs. Dorsey there is more grace and sweetness, as well as the polish acquired as a contributor to our American magazines, untarnished by any of the Laura-Matildaism into which it is apt to slide.

There have been single tales not unworthy of note. Father Oswald was one of the best works of fiction ever issued in this country; Sherlock's Moral Tales, a series of well written allegories; The Orphan of Boston, by the Rev. J. T. Roddan, somewhat rough and unartistic, but not by any means devoid of wit, power or pathos: but to give any thing like an appreciation of them all would require more space than that allowed us, and there are doubtless several of worth, which we do not even know.*

4. To claim for ourselves poets seems natural, our Church is the mother of poesy, and her faithless sons stand among the highest of English bards, her Shakspeare, Southwell, Pope and Moore; but though of late a Catholic tendency called out a Keble and a Faber in England, Griffin and Callanan in Ireland could alone be called Catholic poets. If among the collections of the outpourings of the American muse, we look for a Catholic name, we look in vain. The Rev. Dr. Rufus Griswold, a kind of literary midwife, has long been the gate-keeper on the road to Parnassus, and having, like a certain English judge, come to the sapient conclusion that Catholics are aliens, and that the law does not recognize their existence, he wisely ignores their existence also. Pise, however, is a poet, and if in his larger poems he has not succeeded in attaining a high rank, the same is true of almost every modern poet: yet surely in his fugitive pieces there are many lyrics, as worthy of a place in our anthology as any that can be found. Cannon and Miles, both Catholics, have essayed the drama, but that class of poetry is not in vogue. The theatre has fallen, drama has given place to melo-drama, to spectacles, ballets and dancers. A play of genuine merit, as a poem, has no chance of success in representation, and for reading the form is not so attractive as narrative. Even Longfellow suffers by adopting this form in his Golden Legend and Spanish Student. These writers, however, show great skill in their plots and truthfulness in their characters: but their claim as poets rests chiefly on their lyrical effusions. Many of Cannon's are of great beauty. John Augustus Shea, long enough resident here to pass for an American, was a poet of acknowledged power and beauty. Mrs. Dorsey has a volume of poems, chiefly elegiac, with some which far surpass the rest in descriptive power, melody, graceful imagery and tenderness. Huntington is also a poet, and in his last, a single canto only of a great poem on Columbus, evinces all the imagination, power of description and creative genius visible in his prose, but also a far greater degree of melody and grace than his earlier poems promised. Wallace, a clergyman of Maine, is a true poet. Most of his volume consists of translations, and this we regret. A poet is lost in the fettering of a transfer of words from idiom to idiom. In his description of the sea-coast and its varied incidents, Wallace is best to be judged and most to be admired.

Besides these there are to be found in our magazines and papers many lyrical effusions of anonymous writers, some of them of singular beauty.

5. In concluding thus the litterateurs we have now only to glance at our periodical literature. Our Review is well known; its articles are chiefly by Brownson whose name it bears: they form a mass of polemic literature of great value. Re-

*Since the above was written has appeared The Cross and Shamrock, melo-dramatic in plot and unpolished in style, but vigorous, fresh and poetical.

views properly speaking he gives rarely: his book notices, occasionally ample, touch on but a limited range of works. His political articles possess the greatest value for the generality of readers, and all naturally look to such a quarter for a sound opinion on great European questions, on which the mass are often, from the uncertainty of the accounts which reach us, unable to decide.

Magazines have flourished at various times, but generally only for a short time. The Metropolitan, the Expositor, Cabinet, the Children's Catholic Magazine, Boy's and Girl's Catholic Magazine, and one or two others did service for a time. The United States' Catholic Magazine reached seven years of existence, and now in a manner restored in the Metropolitan promises to do good service. These magazines were generally edited by clergymen, who always had mission duties to attend to and consequently could give only a divided attention to the periodical, yet they were all creditable, and contained articles in prose and verse of a high order, not inferior to any in the country. Our newspapers have a still wider circulation, and though their articles are not very literary, they are so to some extent. Formerly a Catholic paper was always Irish and vice versa; fortunately this is now rapidly ceasing to be the case. Most of our papers are edited by Americans, though Ireland, as a Catholic country of the same language as ourselves, necessarily affords much interesting matter.

Before closing this view of our literature we may say a few words of what has been done for our schools. The great mass of the school books are absolutely and entirely Protestant, even those used in public schools, which should be neither Catholic nor Protestant: but school committees, school trustees, school inspectors, superintendents of schools, regents of universities and all, seem to limit the word sectarian to what is distinctly Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, not to what is anti-Catholic. Thus no history is ever rejected for extolling Luther and the Reformation, for charging the Catholic Church with a spirit of persecution;—this, though as decidedly Protestant as may well be imagined, is not sectarian in their eyes, and such books are admitted, but the unfortunate work which even doubts the propriety of the Reformation is scored out as sectarian and Catholic. In such a state of things Catholics can do and have done service in two ways: first by writing books such as should be used in our common schools; secondly by writing books for our own schools, where we may speak plainly on all points. Kerney of Baltimore has a very good compendium of history, in which facts are given without reflections to excite the displeasure of either party. Grace, in his Outlines, has adopted the same plan. Besides these, Kerney has improved Irving's Catechisms and added a good one of the United States. We have also a reader—"Models of English literature," and Mrs. Sadlier has expurgated and enlarged Pinnock's Catechism of Geography. Others have given treatises on Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Astronomy, &c., in which there is no sneer at us, for even into such books malignant enemies have thrust their undying hate.*

Among the purely Catholic books, we may place Fredet's History, a work suited to college classes, and a Catechism of Church history, so that here much, very much is yet to be done.

*Many have doubtless seen the popular Arithmetic which gives as a question: "If the Pope can pray a man out of purgatory in one day, a cardinal in two, &c., in how many days can they all pray him out?" Just imagine the uproar which the following would cause if found in a Catholic book, and surely it would not be more insulting. "If Luther sent 1-812 of Christians to hell, Calvin, 1-567, Cranmer 1-5867, how many did all three send?"

We have thus reviewed the present state of our literature; it is but the growth of a few years, and though to many it may seem insignificant indeed, we need not despair.

"Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming in beltane, in winter to fade."

It is a strong and hardy plant. Its root is in deep and fertile earth, it will grow year by year, the benison of heaven is upon it, it need fear no tempest, but will grow up a strong and hardy stem.

Writers are not wanting, nor these men of ability: publishers are not wanting nor readers. There is then no fear for the future, even though matters should continue as they are, but if we consider the number of Catholics and their want of reading matter, we must feel that something should be done to give a new impulse, to increase the number of works and the extent of the editions, in order to diffuse more widely the good they are intended to do.

There remains now to consider how what has been done was accomplished, and to see what means may be adopted to advance the cause. This will form the subject of another article.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

MARRIAGE.

THE religious life, being a life of perfection, is the portion of but a small number of privileged souls for whom God reserves His most intimate communications, and most precious favors. The greater number of women are called to live in the world, and to serve God in the married state. St. Paul writing to the Corinthians says that Christ is the head of man, man the head of the woman, and God the head of Christ; that man is not from the woman, but that it is the woman who is from the man; lastly that the man was not created for the woman, but the woman was created for the man, and that the man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. (1 Cor. xi).

Does the Apostle mean that man is the end of woman, as God is the end of man? Evidently not. Man and woman have the same end. Both were created for God, and ought to tend to Him, although by different means, because their nature is not absolutely the same.

These words of St. Paul reveal a deep knowledge of the character of woman, and of the end assigned to her. She is the glory of man, and she was created for him. Man is the image and the glory of God, and has for immediate head Jesus Christ, His divine Son.

What distinguishes woman from man is that the latter may attach himself to an idea, and consecrate his life to it, whilst woman attaches herself principally to a person. This difference comes from the fact that man was made to act, whilst woman is especially destined to love, and thus to render action more easy to man, of whom she is the companion and ought to be the glory. Woman therefore wants some one on whom she may lean, who may direct her, who may be her head. And it is this want which, corresponding to the want of acting and governing by which man is distinguished from woman, renders so sweet and so ad-

vantageous to both their union in marriage. Woman leans on man, man supports woman, and both lending assistance to each other, walk more safely towards their common destination.

But this disposition of woman to obey, to lean on one who governs and strengthens her, to devote herself to a man who may love and support her, imposes on her the duty of considering carefully the person to whom she thus entrusts her whole life. If the man she accepts for a husband understands the obligations which this confidence lays upon him, she will find in her love for him a strong pledge of happiness and virtue. But if she falls into the hands of a man who is ignorant of her dignity, and for whom marriage will be only a veil under which he wishes to screen the bad passions of his heart, she has greatly to fear that her docility, her disposition to obey, and her self-devotion will turn to her ruin, by inducing her to follow blindly the fatal direction which he will endeavor to give her.

This is a stumbling block to the virtue and courage of many women. At first they adhere firmly to the principles which they have imbibed from a Christian education, and to the resolutions with which faith has inspired them. They struggle against the efforts of a husband without religion, who attempts to overthrow the barrier which opposes his evil designs, and to render his wife the accomplice of his vices and errors. But often the latter becomes wearied with the combat, surrenders, and accepts the shameful yoke imposed on her. How many women there are in whose hearts the abominable perseverance of a husband has succeeded in stifling, even to the last germ, the precious virtues which a pious education has implanted in their souls!

Marriage consists principally in the union of minds. This union may suffice to the married couple and no other union can supply its place. But that minds may be united, they must have a common centre around which they can meet and understand each other. Love alone perhaps would offer this point of union, if man together with the want of love did not feel the necessity of reflecting and believing, and if he had not a faculty more imperious perhaps than the heart,—the intellect. How can there exist a perfect union between two minds which disagree on the most important points and on the essential end of life?—between two minds one of which blasphemes what the other believes, and despises what the other holds in the highest veneration?

Such minds will be able, it is true, to understand each other and to agree on different things, on the means of acquiring a fortune, of procuring themselves all the enjoyments of the world, of surpassing others in luxuries and sumptuousness.

In other words, in order to be united and to understand each other, they will be obliged to descend into that low sphere of life in which ignoble souls grovel, and above which we must rise and maintain ourselves, if we wish to be true to our better nature and secure our ultimate end.

Never will two such souls be able to dwell together on a holy thought, on heavenly hopes, on divine sentiments. They must refrain particularly from diving into the future; for all their hopes are on this earth. After death no union for them, but eternal separation. *Each will go into the house of his eternity*, and that house will not be the same. Such is the fate, such is the grief, such the anguish which women prepare for themselves, when through passion, or a guilty condescension to the unjust wishes of their parents, or from some other motive, they take for husbands men who do not believe.

And when children come to be educated, how will parents who disagree on the principle and the end of education be able to perform that duty? As the govern-

ment of the family belongs to the man, he will carry out his own views. In the education of his children he will make little account of religious principles, and yet they constitute its essential basis. How sad must be the results for the happiness and salvation of youth, thus to overlook religion in educating them!

Then when the time shall have arrived for his sons and daughters to select a state of life, if God calls them to a more perfect life, will not their vocation be opposed by a father who values religion little, and cannot understand the peace and happiness afforded by the sacrifices it prompts us to make? And supposing even that God should call those children to the married state, is not the selection of a partner most important to secure temporal happiness and eternal salvation, and ought not religious motives to have a large share in such a choice?

A woman therefore, in wedding a man who is not of the household of faith, not only endangers her own happiness and salvation, but also that of the children whom God may give her, and who will be one day the principal object of her tenderness and solicitude. The peace of her mind will be disturbed, perhaps, in her last moments by the dreadful fear that in departing she leaves her husband and children out of the way of salvation, and that the adieus she addresses to them will prove to be everlasting.

She would not marry a man whose rank or fortune would be far below her own; in doing it, she would think she disparaged herself. But there is no real misalliance except between souls; and every soul which, ennobled by sanctifying grace, and enriched with its precious gifts, unites itself to a soul destitute of faith and of the virtues of which faith is the principle, disparages itself; and no disparagement can be in its consequences so deplorable as this.

It may happen, I know, that a wife will win to God a husband that believes not,—that the unbelieving husband will be sanctified by a believing wife; but it is quite as probable that the contrary will take place, and that the husband by his influence or by persecution will lead his religious wife astray. The words of St. Paul who says that the unbelieving party is sanctified by the party who believes, were addressed to those who were already married when they embraced the faith, and who had to make the most of the situation in which they found themselves; they were not intended to apply to those who having as yet formed no engagement, are at liberty to choose a partner who can give them solid guarantees for happiness and salvation. I know that there are circumstances in which a wife may reasonably hope to bring to God by her example and counsel a husband whom she loves, and by whom she is loved; but this is an exception that confirms the general rule which we have laid down, and which women ought to bear constantly in mind when it is a question of selecting a husband.

If they are so frequently forced to regret the choice they have made, it is because before making it they neglected the precautions required by prudence and faith. Did they seriously deliberate before God, in meditation and prayer, on the step they were about to take? Did they rise by faith above the prejudices and illusions caused by the emotions of the heart or by the imagination? Did they consult their parents, and the director of their conscience, with a sincere intention of profiting by their advice, and of being guided by their decision? This is what all women should do before marrying. Is it done by most of them?

Mothers seem convinced, and try to convince their daughters, that as a woman cannot directly seek a husband, she ought to accept the first who offers himself, even when he does not present the guarantee that might be desired, and that in acting otherwise, they run the risk of not finding afterwards a suitable party,

But will it not always be time enough to take a step which compromises both your earthly happiness and your eternal welfare? Besides, why do not parents and girls who wish to marry, count faith and Christian virtues in a husband of as much value as those exterior qualities which they prize so highly? Let a man poor in worldly goods, but rich in piety and generous sentiments, come to offer his heart and hand to a young woman, and it will be seen what difficulties will be raised on the part of the girl herself, or that of her parents.

But whatever confidence a girl may have in her parents, whatever may be her respect for their will, her duty to them must not make her forget her obligations towards God, nor should her submission to their orders go so far as to compromise her own salvation and happiness. In circumstances so grave as those we speak of, she must have courage and firmness enough to oppose an invincible resistance to every solicitation, since her condescension may be followed by useless regrets and most deplorable faults. She should act in this manner not only for her own sake, but also to spare her parents themselves the grief of having caused the misfortune of their daughter by urging her to a union contrary to her inclination and her conscience.

Pius the Ninth,

At the Church of St. Luke in the Roman Forum, when the Holy Cross was carried to its own Church.

RING out, ye merry bells, a merrier strain:
 Let echo with her thousand tongues sing loud
 The joyous anthem from each hill and plain
 Symphonious with the soul-exulting crowd.
 The Cross again triumphant reigns:—the cloud,
 That hung so darkly o'er the seven-hilled scene,
 Breaks to the rising beams that sweetly shroud
 The sign of our redemption with their sheen:
 And Rome again is Rome—our Mother and our Queen.

Lo! from the ruined temple and the shrine,
 Where erst dark superstition held its sway,
 And they who ruled with power almost divine
 Bowed down before their gods of wood and clay,
 The teeming earth seems all alive to-day.
 Not such a crowd these stony summits crowned
 Since he, the pilgrim pontiff, made the way
 To fame once sacred, holier, purer ground
 And pleased Religion raised her numerous trophies round.

And these proud arches, o'er which Time has passed
 So gently, that he seemed to crown their fame,
 Yet rear their heads defiant of the blast,
 Enduring witness of their author's shame.
 Vespasian, Titus, thou whose honored name

Shines lonely 'mid that host, in history blest
By title pious, did ye think to frame
A temple for Christ's glory, when ye drest
These massive columns thus to their immortal rest.

But why 'mid these mementos of the dead
Gather these living myriads? Does the tongue
Of Tully shake the forum with the dread
Of some new Catiline to vengeance sprung?
A sweeter spirit rules the gaping throng.
Behold yon venerable form, serene
In native majesty; 'tis thus among
His venerating children ye have seen
Some reverend patriarch stand in fond exulting mien.

And from those lips the honeyed nectar flows
That fills the hungry soul with sweetness:—see
What eager joy upon those faces glows;
What new delight is sparkling in each eye,
As ear drinks in the trancing harmony.
Those echoes oft to Tully's voice had thrilled,
What time he bade Rome's genius wander free,
Or in the traitor's shame the tempest stilled:—
But never words like these that glorious temple filled.

Vicar of Christ, as o'er that living sea
Whose restless waves are breaking at thy feet,
Thy clear, mild eye is wandering lovingly,
Dost thou not hear prophetic voices greet
The wondrous influence of thy rock-bound seat?
Let the sea rage—let all its angry waves
Dash up their foam against thee, they shall meet,
There where thou standest, Him whose mandate saves,
And reflux shall they rush confounded to their caves.

Alas! that enemy still vengeful throws
Among the Saviour's wheat his baneful seed:
Still to his work his cunning phalanx goes
And blasted hopes their cruel malice feed.
How many a loving parent's heart shall bleed!
How many a hearth-stone drink with wild alarm
The deep debasement of their hated deed!
But shall they triumph!—No,—tho' myriads swarm,
The whirlwind seed they cast shall burst on them in storm.

But thou must weep, oh! mourning father, weep,
Even as He, thy Lord and Master, o'er
His Father's fated city:—thou must steep
Thy bread in gall and wormwood still, before
Thou drainest this dread chalice of the store
Of ills it bears unto thy loving heart.
Alas! those floods of vengeance yet must pour
Their purifying waves, ere crimes depart
Or treachery foul shall break his thrice-envenomed dart.

But it shall come—the blessed day shall come—

When tears shall change to smiles and sorrow cease
To break her plague-filled phials over Rome.

Then joy shall bask beneath the light of peace:

Then Angels gladden at the earth's release,
And man, no more rebellious, shall be blest.

For heaven's own spirit, which redeems and frees,

Shall pour its gentle visions on his rest,

And one eternal sunshine rule his sinless breast.

L.

KATE O'CONNOR.

A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

CHAPTER VIII.

The Young Lady meditates on the step she has taken.

THE room which Kate entered was large, sunny and bright. It had no carpet (in those plain days) and was not magnificently furnished in any respect, but it was her sanctum. It was the room where she slept and dressed and worked and read what little she ever did read—for Kate did not trouble books much—and where she said her prayers. It was the place where she had resolved ever so many times that she would not care so much for this world and this world's vanities, and where she had prayed ever so many times that she might not be led into temptation, and where she had spent hours upon hours in fussing over some peculiar sleeve or some new dress or some charming novelty of a frill, and puzzling the life out of her poor brains to contrive how she should make herself look prettier than any body else at Mrs. So-and-so's ball, so that Haraden might say that no girl in the room was dressed as well as Kate O'Connor; and where she spent hours again of delightful reverie afterwards thinking of the flattery, and homage, and success, and compliments, and gratified vanity, which that same ball had procured her. Coming into this room now, as we have said, she walked instinctively, as ladies mostly do, towards the dressing-bureau. It is a convenient place to lay any thing upon, and then—the toilet glass is there. To the toilet glass Kate lifted her eyes; that was instinctive too. The face which she saw reflected there was very fair and bright, a youthful, happy, glowing face flushed with a recent joy: and yet a shrewd observer would have discovered a slight perturbation there also.

"What have I done?" said Kate, looking into her own blue eyes. "Two hours ago I could have said yes or no to any body, and now I am bound. I know I shall never go back from my word and it is fixed." Not but that Kate's promise to marry Haraden had been subject to her father's consent, she had too much principle to omit that, but she knew well that she could get his consent to any thing if she only set about it, and as for Haraden, he would not care for fifty papas. Nor yet did Kate regret so soon the promise she had given. Oh no, she loved Haraden

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better than all the world beside, she would have broken her heart if he had left her or loved any body else, he seemed to be the end and object of all her thoughts, words and actions every day of her life, she was sure she never would be happy without him, and she thought and hoped, and tried to convince herself that she would be happy with him:—oh yes, she was certain she should—he loved her, that was clear, and she was sure that he would try to make her happy, and he had but to try—and he promised not to plague her about her religion, he said she might be as much a Catholic as she pleased. She took some plain sewing and sat down to think: for a little while it seemed that she could not think but only feel, but the quiet, noiseless, obedient little needle gradually calmed her. What a benediction is the needle to a woman! we always think that if the men could only learn to sew they would get on so much better and so much more innocently through the world.

Kate then began to sew, and sewing she grew calm and began to think quietly. She reflected that she had been at home not quite a year, and in that year she had altered a good deal, more perhaps than in any year of her life. A year ago she did not see any necessity for marrying at all, now she had set all her heart and all her thoughts upon marrying, not Pat McKeon, or Frank Dougherty, or any other good Catholic, who would have gone with her every Sunday to Mass, and from time to time to the Holy Communion, and to heaven with her she hoped when they both should die—but to a man who never prayed at all, who abominated the Catholic religion, and who thought nothing in the world so mean and degrading as to go to St. Peter's "among all those beggarly Irish," except indeed confessing one's sins to a priest,—that was meaner still.—Ah, Kate, the world has done more than a year's work on you! there is an immense stride between becoming a nun and marrying Haraden White. True, he said he would not molest her about her religion, and yet even now, although he had no power over her, his influence in some inexplicable way hindered her in the practice of it. She could not explain or understand exactly how it was, but she had not been to confession since Easter, and this omission and forty others with which she had to charge herself, were all referable in some shape or other to Haraden White. But when she was once married it would not be so; she would be his then, and he hers, and she would not be all the time in a fever of excitement lest she should vex him and provoke him to neglect her and perhaps to leave her. But Kate's conscience had a very unkind habit of always speaking the truth, and it whispered now that if she was so very fearful of displeasing the lover, she would be still more afraid of offending the husband, that the Church did not approve of her children marrying Protestants, although, indeed, it was done every day, that her father who wanted her to marry a Catholic would be vexed to have her marry Haraden, that in short, she might be putting her soul in peril and that it was not too late even now to confess all to her father and set herself free. It must not be supposed that Kate for a moment harbored such a thought as this last: no indeed, we have said conscience whispered it, but it was so utterly repugnant to every thing in Kate's heart that she crushed it almost before it discovered itself, as if it had been a rising sin, and tried to persuade herself indeed that it was a wicked temptation in her ear—"and after all," she said, "who knows but that my marrying him may make him a Catholic in the end, and that would be a great blessing, and then I should have done some good in the world." So having found this nice way of silencing her ungracious inward monitor, she gave herself up to the pleasanter reveries which usually accompanied and sped her industrious needle.

What would Mag say and all the girls — what a stir and talk and charming little excitement her engagement would occasion — Haraden White to marry Kate O'Connor, a Catholic after all — in spite of all that the Protestant girls had said — how every one would notice her and look at her and asked to be introduced to her; and would not she look pretty and would not she be beautifully dressed? "Trust me for that," said Kate, in her girlish reverie, "I know how to make myself look pretty." And then as she dreamed, something reminded her of certain spiteful and contemptuous remarks of Haraden about her religion, and what he would make his wife do if he had one, and what she should not do, and then returned upon her the vague terror and misgiving — and "I wonder what Father Haly will say?" said Kate at length, as she suddenly dropped her needle and looked up: — "but Haraden will have to *promise*, to give his word of *honor*," she added, nodding imperiously her head with its fair ringlets; and resuming her needle, gay visions of wedding dresses and bridal gear, of wedding visits and wedding tours, and all the accompaniments of a fashionable marriage again engrossed her thoughts.

All day long it was April in Kate's heart and in her face: showers and sunshine, calm and cloud. After April comes summer, and we must hope that after Kate's changeful April came sunshine and summer too.

CHAPTER IX.

What some People object to it.

THE next day Margaret came home and the children, and the day following Mr. O'Connor became apprised of the fact that his daughter had engaged herself, so far as she might without consulting him, to Haraden White, and that she awaited his consent. Of course we do not feel bound to say whether he was informed of this circumstance by Uncle Mike or Margaret or Haraden or the young lady herself, or by the peculiar penetration and sagacity of Mr. John O'Connor, which, as we have seen, was not particularly on the alert at least in this direction: these are family secrets which we are no way called upon to divulge, any more than we are bound to inform our readers precisely what it was that Haraden White said to Kate in the west window and what she answered him, that morning that her father was kept at home by rheumatism, — for Mr. O'Connor had been better since, and was now as well as usual. Mr. O'Connor became aware, then, of a fact which did not please him: he did not want Kate to marry a Protestant at all, and then he had a positive desire that she should marry a son of one or another of his own Catholic friends, "first-rate fellows," he said, "as ever lived, and plenty of 'em too, and she might have had her pick, and nothing would suit her but she must go and marry this confounded Protestant: such a thing," he protested, "had never entered his head, he thought she had more sense." Kate hung on her father's neck and kissed him, and cried, and declared she hated to vex him so, but what could she do? she *did* love Haraden dearly and she couldn't help herself; "and as for those others, Pa, that you talk about, I never could marry either of them any way in the world, I never could love them if I tried ever so hard; Frank Dougherty is a capital fellow and I like him well enough, but he is only two years older than I am and you can't expect me to marry such a boy — and Pat McKeon, he is so bashful and blushes so, I've no objection to him as he is, I dare say if he were once married and out of my way I should like him very

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much—but to marry him! well there, it's no use talking, Pa, I do love Haraden, and I don't love any body else, and if I can't marry him I don't want to marry any body;" and Kate stuck out her pretty lips and looked as ugly as she could, and in spite of himself and his vexation, Mr. O'Connor laughed. When papa laughs the child has got her own way; every body knows that: and it was to no purpose that Mr. O'Connor suggested that if Kate were to consult Father Haly, Father Haly would be certain to tell her that she had better never marry any body than marry Haraden White or any other Protestant; "and he is not the only person who would say so, your Uncle Mike says so, and if you were his child, he never would give his consent."

"No, I dare say; he would like me to marry William Curran, but I never would marry William Curran, and if I had been Mag I never would have married James: I don't like either of them."

"And yet either one of these Catholics that you turn up your little nose at is a thousand times better man than Haraden White, and has a thousand times better chance for the next world."

"Yes, Pa," said Kate, with a mischievous smile, "but you know I want a husband for this world; and then may be if I marry Haraden, he'll become a Catholic."

"He is a great deal more likely to make you a Protestant, let me tell you, child, and if he does, I'll never forgive you, mind that, Kate O'Connor."

Kate assured her father that nothing in the world would ever make her a Protestant, and came off victorious, of course, as she always did with him in any encounter of wills. Uncle Mike said she was a goose to throw herself away on Haraden when she might do so much better; and so said a good many other people, when her engagement became a matter of notoriety; many Catholics said so, especially the older and wiser part of her friends; but truth obliges us to add, that many Catholic girls and some of their mammas too, felt some envy of Kate and not a little disappointment that "so desirable a match as this fashionable, wealthy, elegant man" had not fallen to the lot of themselves or their own fair daughters.

Margaret was very much "astonished," and very "sorry" too, for she was both fond and proud of her cousin, and thought she might do better, and she was rather disposed to take Kate to task for engaging herself to a Protestant: "I am very sorry, Kate," she said, "for I don't believe Haraden will ever make you happy;" and Kate turned a little pale and wanted to know what made Margaret think so. But don't preach, dear, wise, prudent Mrs. Curran! *Who* was always in the habit of retailing to Kate all the foolish compliments and flattering speeches of this same fashionable beau? *who* always repeated to her his opinions upon dress and style, fashion and etiquette, as if his opinion were worth more than that of all the rest of the world? who gave her to understand that if she succeeded in pleasing him she had achieved a great success? You did not mean any harm, Dame Margaret, but when you have cleared your conscience of all this silly gossip, it will be time enough to scold your pretty cousin for falling in love with this mirror of fashion whom you were always holding up for her admiration.

Two or three days after, Mr. O'Connor was alone in his office, Haraden having gone to take Kate and Margaret out to drive, the old gentleman was poring over his accounts, and suddenly there was a rather hurried, tremulous knock at the office door:—"Come in," sung out Mr. O'Connor, and the door opening, in walked Mr. McGrorty, looking a good deal excited, and with his spectacles on his

nose, which was singular, as he never wore them except to read or write. After the usual friendly salutations he sat down with an air of great agitation, took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead although it was an uncommonly cool day for the season,—the season, as we know, was October—and then put his hat on again. While Mr. O'Connor was wondering what was the matter and whether his excellent old friend might not be a trifle mad, Mr. McGrorty suddenly said, "I understand, my dear sir, that your daughter is engaged to Mr. White?"

"Yes," said papa O'Connor, and turning back to his accounts, he began rather sulkily to figure up.

"My dear sir," said Mr. McGrorty spasmodically, "I'm a very old fellow and ugly to boot"—Mr. O'Connor laughed—"but your pretty daughter had a thousand times better marry me than marry that man."

"Do you know any thing against his moral character?" said Mr. O'Connor, starting and turning pale.

"Heaven forbid! my dear sir; but he is a Protestant and has no kind of religion and is the merest worldlying that ever lived."

"I know, my dear sir," said papa O'Connor petulantly, "but what can I do? I don't want the child to marry him, but—the little pest!—she has had her own way ever since she was born, and I can't help it. I resolved she shouldn't marry him, but if she once sets her heart on any thing she comes round me and coaxes and cries and looks so pretty—and I never could deny her any thing in my life," said he, impatiently cutting a quill to pieces, "and I can't help myself."

Mr. McGrorty having delivered himself of his awful errand, became calm again, though he shook his head despondingly, and seemed to think it a great calamity, that so fair and innocent a creature should be given away to such a worldly, selfish, irreligious fellow.

While Kate's Catholic friends were expressing their opinions something after this fashion, her engagement occasioned no small stir among Haraden's acquaintances, the outsiders. Almost with one voice they exclaimed that it was an abominable shame that such an elegant fellow should go and fling himself away on a Catholic; some said he would soon get tired of his bargain, and other some that he would soon have enough of it and would never marry her; and Mrs. Weld said she did not believe he ever *meant* to marry her. This was just what Haraden liked: he was willing to make a stir, he really loved Kate as well as he could love any thing besides his precious self, he fully meant to marry her, and he was delighted to show all these great folks that he could afford to marry a Catholic if he liked, and that he would do it, too, in spite of their talk. He was certain that Kate was thoroughly pure and innocent, and he was very well satisfied; and assuredly, we think he had great reason to be satisfied.

In process of time, after the engagement was all over town, and every body knew it, Kate watched for an opportunity to go to confession. She took care not to go sooner, because she felt that she must tell Father Haly that she was engaged to Haraden, but she did not wish to give him such a piece of information, and did not so much mind telling him of it when he knew it already from public report. Of course, at this stage of affairs, Father Haly did not forbid Kate to fulfil her engagement, and if she expected him to do so, she was very simple, but in truth she expected no such thing.

But Father Haly had a great aversion to such marriages, and he made no secret of his aversion, and he took care to make Kate see that he thought, and made her

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understand too, that the step which she was about to take was a most foolish, imprudent and dangerous one. He blamed her for letting her heart go out of her own keeping and into such dangerous keeping: that, he assured her, was voluntary, and to say the least, a great weakness and a fault. It was of no use now for Kate to say that she could not help it: her faithful counsellor shewed her that though perhaps she could not help it at present, she might have helped it easily enough three or four months ago. He warned her that she would place her soul in peril, and that she must not be disappointed if her marriage did not prove a happy one; and Kate left the confessional in tears, and feeling very dismal.

She, however, could not resolve to give up the dear object upon which she had set her heart, and what was quite as weighty an objection, she could not resolve to go back from her word and give all Haraden's acquaintance occasion to laugh, and cry "I told you so!"—but she resolved that she would be more regular in her duties, and that she would certainly go again to Father Halysoon. Fortunately for her resolution, Haraden never found out that she had been to confession this time, and she was left in peace and went again "soon," as she had said. The weeks wore away, Christmas came, Kate went to confession again, that she might make her "Christmas" as usual, and somehow Haraden became aware of it, and then there was a storm. There were tears on one side and words on both, and poor Kate was a great deal more unhappy than she had ever been in her life before, and in a fever lest Haraden should leave her, and she would have been much better off if he had, but unfortunately he had no idea of leaving her, and she (good lack!) had not courage now to "go again soon," and so she diverted her mind from this real and serious trouble by preparations for her marriage, which was to come off before Lent, by studying the fashions of morning dishabille and evening costume, consultations with milliners and dress-makers, visits to the shops, inspection and selection of hats, dresses and jewelry.

CHAPTER X.

The Young Lady carries her plan into effect.

ONE rainy night during the January thaw, Uncle Mike and Haraden were at backgammon as usual, Mr. O'Connor was enjoying his pipe, Margaret had not come in, as it was one of James' nights for coming home early, and Kate sate close at Haraden's elbow with her work, occasionally overlooking the throws and moves. Suddenly the young girl espied a delicate looking epistle peeping out of Haraden's pocket, and like a true daughter of Eve, she helped herself to it; it was beautifully directed to Haraden White, Esq., on fine black-edged paper and beautifully sealed in black, but it had been opened and read, sparing the seal by carefully cutting round it. "Haraden," cried Kate, "what lady writes you pretty little notes in such a pretty little hand as this?"

Haraden was meditating how to dispose of a rather unlucky throw, and she had to repeat the question a second time. "Jealous!" said he at last, turning round with a smile which showed his fine teeth. "A very great friend of mine, an old friend."

Kate was not jealous, but only curious, and she persisted, "Who is she?" "Read it and see," said Haraden, turning back to his game. The note was as neat inside as out, and ran thus:

"No. — PARK PLACE, Tuesday Morn.

"DEAR HARADEN:—

"You will have heard ere this of the very sudden and sad death of my poor husband. I had but just returned to the South with my little Henry, with whom and for whose health I had been travelling during the summer. I returned almost immediately after with my little boy to mamma, with whom I have been residing ever since, but as mamma thinks I keep myself too quiet, and Aunt Margaret has just moved to New York, having taken this house, she has wished me also to remain in New York until after Easter. Do come and see me.

Yours, &c.,

"VICTORINE ELFORD.

"P. S. — I was at Saratoga for a month last summer, and rather expected to have seen you there."

Haraden looked round. "Have you read it?"

"Yes; have you been to see her?"

"No, I only got it to-day noon. I should have gone to-night, if it had not been so wet. I shall go and see her myself, and then I shall take you."

"No, I don't want to go."

"Oh, but you must, I want you to."

"Did you know she was at Saratoga last summer?"

"No."

Kate read the note again and turned it over, examined the neat black seal with the impress V. E. in German letters, and felt a slight pang of jealousy and a most unreasonable reluctance to go and see again the fair face which she had last summer been so fond of looking at. She had known, of course, that Mrs. Elford was a Protestant, and she saw now by this expression "after Easter," that she was an Episcopalian.

Presently she resumed her sewing and waited patiently till Haraden and Uncle Mike had had enough backgammon, and then she told Haraden that she had met Mrs. Elford both at Stafford and at Saratoga.

"You saw her!" cried he, evidently interested, and Kate went on to tell him all the circumstances, and how she had been charmed and captivated by Mrs. Elford's beauty; and then Haraden gave Kate some account of his former acquaintance with Victorine Prentiss.

She was, it seems, the only child of an old established lawyer in Buffalo, who did a fair business, but whose chief fortune was this pretty daughter, and for many years previous to the death of Haraden's father — his mother had died when he was quite a lad — the two Whites, father and son, had boarded in the family of Mr. Prentiss. "Of course," said Haraden, "I had opportunity enough to get acquainted with little Vic, and was as much fascinated with her beauty as you seem to have been; she was the prettiest girl in all Erie county, and I dare say I should have married her, but after my father's death I had business in St. Louis and New Orleans which took me away, and I was gone a long time, more than two years; and the fact is that 'mamma,' as she calls her, is a regular schemer and always was; so the winter that I left Buffalo what does she do but shut up the house and take Miss Victorine to Washington. There they met Henry Elford, who was not a penny richer than I am, only he had a fine estate and a whole lot of niggers, and then he is of a proud old family in Georgia, and Mrs. Prentiss likes old families, and when I came back Victorine was married and off. And I am glad of it now," said Haraden, quietly clipping to pieces a note which he had

taken from the card-basket; "she is not so good-tempered as you are, Katy, by any manner of means."

Kate looked up and fixed her open blue eyes trustingly upon Haraden's face. "And her husband is dead?" said she.

"Yes, he was killed last autumn by a fall from his horse; I knew of that, and it was just after Victorine went home, it seems."

"Where did they live?"

"At Savannah."

"Have you seen her since she was married?"

"No: I have been at Buffalo several times, and I always put up at my old quarters, but she has never happened to be at her father's."

The conversation here became desultory, Uncle Mike produced his overshoes from the corner of the hearth, and presently the party broke up.

The next day Haraden went to renew his acquaintance with his old friend, and it was arranged that the day following he should bring Miss O'Connor to call on the fair widow.

"Is your friend Mrs. Elford as pretty as she was before her marriage?" asked Kate as the carriage rolled along.

"Well," said Haraden, "she does not look well in black; she was always rather pale," he added, glancing at Kate's glowing cheek, "and a black dress takes all the color out of her face."

They arrived at the house, rang and were admitted, Kate feeling no small degree of perturbation. As they stepped into the hall from the lobby, whom should she see but Harriet, brilliant and stately as ever, and little Henry in deep mourning. He was watching, child-like, to see who was coming, and immediately recognizing Kate, came forward, presenting his hand with the smile which she so well remembered. "Oh, I remember you, lady," said he, "I saw you—somewhere—at that large house, you know, which had so many piazzas and the swing." "Saratoga," said Kate. "Yes, Saratoga: and see my black clothes; poor papa is dead, and mamma wears black clothes too and is very pale." They were shown into the parlor, and presently in came Mrs. Elford, looking, Kate thought, as beautiful as ever in spite of her dress. She was very polite, but very calm and cold, and our heroine felt quite oppressed: in a few minutes came in Aunt Margaret, to whom Kate was introduced as Mrs. Mills, and whom she recollected as one of the Saratoga party: Mrs. Mills was too well-bred to seem to stare, and yet Kate felt sure from her manner, that she had come in to see a live Catholic dressed like a lady, much as she would have come to see the Khan of Tartary or the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. The young affianced found this a trial; and she would have felt it still more painfully only that in her simplicity she fancied that to be engaged to Haraden White was a sufficient advantage to supply all her own deficiencies. While she was feeling awkward, then, and trying to feel less awkward, Henry came in, and this produced a real reversion in Kate's favor. The child talked to her as if she had been an old friend, and always with that lovely smile which Kate thought he must have got from his poor dead papa, for she had never seen such an expression on his beautiful mother's face. He knew as much about different religions as he did about ceremonious morning calls, but when Kate asked how old he was, he said, fixing his large, loving eyes upon hers, "I was five years old last twenty-fifth of December. I was born on Christmas day."—And she could not help thinking some special blessing rested on this endearing child born on so joyful a festival.

"Well Haraden," said Kate frankly as they drove home, "I think Mrs. Elford is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, but I must say her manners are any thing but pleasing."

"You must consider, Katy," said Haraden very deliberately, smiling and showing his fine teeth in his peculiar way, "that in the first place Mrs. Elford has a great dislike for your religion, and then," added he, with that delightful conceit and self-complacency which seems the peculiar attribute of the nobler sex, "you know that you are engaged to me, and you could not expect her to like you much."

As we have said, our friend Kate was not vain, she had a painful sense of her own deficiencies, she really believed that to be chosen by Haraden made her an object of envy, and she received his explanation of Mrs. Elford's chilling manners with the best grace in the world. Afterwards, in the evening as she sate sewing, Haraden said abruptly, "Victorine's hands are not half so beautiful as yours, Kate." Mrs. Elford's face was far, far more beautiful than Kate's, but she had not a single expression half so lovely as the truthful, confiding look with which after some such remark as this Kate would fix those large eyes of hers upon her lover's face.

So passed, as happily as such periods are said to pass, the term of her engagement, and the time appointed for the grand event rapidly approached. If Haraden was selfish, as we have said, he never wanted generosity in regard to money and gifts: he lavished upon Kate presents without stint, she had little time for repose or reflection, the days were occupied in shopping, the evenings in examining and deciding upon purchases, and planning the next day's round of busy errands. It is a sufficiently fatiguing life, but girls always find it a fascinating one, and Kate, as we have seen, was no exception in this respect to girls in general.

When they were first engaged, as it was understood that Mr. O'Connor would not suffer any marriage, however auspicious, to separate him from his child, Haraden had proposed buying a new house, in order that on their marriage, Mr. O'Connor might leave his own old one, and go to reside with his daughter in a pleasanter and more fashionable locality. At first this idea was distasteful to the old gentleman, and was therefore abandoned by Haraden, who was easy-tempered and really amiable except where his prejudices were violently assailed. Afterwards, considering it, Mr. O'Connor saw that it would be more pleasant for Kate; that the selection of a new house and the disposal of the old one would be rather an amusement to himself as well as to Haraden; it was a business arrangement after all, a speculation, and in that point of view a thing which he should enjoy; so on further reflection, he proposed it himself to Haraden, and it was settled; they selected together a fine house in Broadway, just finished on the most improved plan, as the advertisements ran in those days before Croton water and gas were thought of. This at the last made Kate more busy still: every day questions were to be settled which she only could decide, about the furniture, adornment and arrangement of the new house, there were carpets, mirrors, curtains and an endless list of articles to be examined and approved, and engagements without number with shopmen and trades-people; meanwhile time crept stilly and swiftly on, and almost before Kate had become aware of the approach of spring, the eventful day was at hand.

The wedding was to take place on the last Thursday before Ash-Wednesday, which fortunately came very late that year, and at Mr. O'Connor's house, which Kate did not very well like; she would have preferred to be married in church—in those days it was permitted in mixed marriages to marry in church—but Hara-

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den did not want to go to a Catholic church to be married; it disarranged all his notions, he said, and in short he would not do it. He would have greatly preferred to be married in the evening; it was much gayer, he said, and pleasanter, but upon that point Kate was obstinate, and all the family of course, and having yielded in this particular, he was the more strenuous about the other. When Father Haly was spoken to, to perform the ceremony, Haraden became aware that before the knot could be tied, his young bride would be obliged to go to confession, and that certain promises very important to her future happiness would be exacted of himself. He did not care a fig for the promises, but as usual, he was angry about Kate's going to confession, and afterwards in talking with her and Margaret about it, made use of such expressions and showed so much irritation that Kate's heart sank within her, and Margaret felt (not unreasonably, we may well say) a serious alarm for her cousin's future happiness. When Haraden had left the house, (it was only the day before that appointed for the wedding), Margaret said that late as it was, she thought it would be far better that the marriage should be broken off; she reminded Kate of Father Haly's warning in the confessional, and of the advice of her father and uncle, and others of her best friends, respecting the great risk and danger of marrying a Protestant; she said she was certain that if her Uncle John were aware of the expressions which Haraden frequently used, and of the strength of his prejudices, he would revoke his consent, and alluding to his remarks the moment previous, added, "I am sure, Kate, that you will never be happy with Haraden."

Kate sat listening silently for a few minutes, her eyes full of tears, and her heart full of misgiving, but at last she cried, "Say no more about it, Margaret Curran, I shall marry Haraden: I have given my promise, and I shall keep it, come what will, and I don't intend that Pa shall have a chance to revoke his consent; perhaps I shall be happy, and if I knew I should be as unhappy as you say, I would rather risk it and bear it, than make such a hue and cry as there would be if the thing were broken off at this date." Mrs. Curran felt that there was indeed nothing more to be said.

When Mrs. Elford first came to New York, Haraden expressed his desire that she should be at the wedding, and Kate accordingly asked her; she objected at first on account of her recent affliction and her deep mourning; but Haraden had set his heart on the thing, and it was Kate's interest to have him pleased, so she overruled Mrs. Elford's scruples, and the fair widow promised to come.

The last eventful morning dawned. Who can describe the awe, the chill, the suspense, the lonely audible throb of a young girl's heart on that last morning. Her bridesmaids and sisters are about her, talking gaily and laughing, and she laughs perhaps, and talks gaily in return, but it is only for fear that they may see into her heart, or read in her honest eyes the thoughts which lie buried there. She has thoughts which she dares not breathe to the tenderest sister, thoughts which she might perhaps whisper in a mother's ear, but Kate had no mother. Even in the happiest marriage, where she knows that she is beloved, and has the fullest confidence that she is giving her happiness into safe keeping, if she has any feeling and any sense, her heart on that last morning must take hold on heaven; nothing else is strong enough to sustain her sinking courage. What then was the fear and the chill in Kate's heart — poor Kate, who, the evening before, had shed sad and bitter tears of foreboding, who knew certainly that her future husband and companion had no fear of God before his eyes, and who had been warned not to be disappointed if her marriage should prove an unhappy one!

Margaret presided with most sisterly tenderness at her young cousin's toilette, and well did Kate repay that care: she was beautiful and beautifully dressed. She exerted herself, and looked gay and happy, and as the moments flew by her spirits rose, she began to feel happy and the thing passed off auspiciously. Haraden White, Esq., made not the smallest difficulty about promising that he would not in any way meddle or interfere in matters which concerned his wife's religion, nor hinder or in any way restrain her in the performance of her religious duties, and such further promises as were required of him. He was perfectly dressed and looked magnificent:—noble, elegant and nonchalant. Mrs. Elford was there, dazzlingly beautiful in a dress of silver grey, than which nothing could better become the delicately flushed marble of her complexion. Every body was there, every thing was as it should be, the wedding guests were gay, the wedding and the breakfast were brilliant and sumptuous, but to Catholics who had seen marriages before the altar and within the altar rails, it had a barren air of heathenism. After the breakfast, the newly married couple started immediately upon a wedding tour; they were to return before Easter to their new house in Broadway, which was all ready for them, and meanwhile Mr. O'Connor remained in his own house, (which was, however, with its furniture, already sold), until they should return.

And so it pleased Kate O'Connor to marry Haraden White, but it did not please Heaven that Haraden White should be for a long period of years the husband and guide and intimate companion of Kate O'Connor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.*

THE pride of kings is the first and principal cause of the downfall of their royal houses; but closely treading on the heels of this is another, their sensuality. These kings would verily wish to persuade us that they are gods on earth, made of finer clay than the rest of us, precious stones in comparison with our common pebble, the gold of humanity in contrast to our vulgar iron and brass; their blood is sacred, forsooth, their persons are decorated with "the majesty," as the old Roman expression was; yea "there's a divinity doth hedge a king;" an ordinary woman, however chaste and beautiful, is not fit for the conjugal bed of a monarch, nor may the sacred stream of royalty flow through the wedded bosom of a plebeian, or rather of one, who however *noble*, could she boast sixteen times sixteen spotless quarterings, does not after all partake of the mysterious privilege of regal or imperial ancestry. And yet there are very few of these gods on earth who have not given frequent and scandalous proofs that they are made of as base clay as any descendants of Adam, some of them by their excessive indulgence in the ignoble pleasures of the table, or in the frivolous pomp of dress and furniture, the delights of palaces and gardens, of men-singers and women-singers, and all the luxurious gratifications of a court, and more still, by their addiction to the illicit pleasures of that appetite, the inordinate power of which is the most shameful mark of the fall of our race from its pristine and truly royal dignity. It is needless to ransack history for instances of the voluptuousness and criminal amours of princes. The facts are too notorious to require particular proof, or even specification; and it is all, we must allow, extremely natural on the part of human nature,

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subject as it is to that weakness, when surrounded by so many temptations as environ kings. And as it is commonly remarked that these temptations and the pitiable falls to which they conduct, are permitted as the punishment of pride, so it happens in the case of sovereigns and royal personages. That pride which leads them to reject the alliance of all beneath their own rank, necessarily renders the marriage union in their case too frequently an affair of state and grandeur, in which the heart has very little place, its inclinations are not consulted and congeniality of temper is not even thought of as a requisite. In short, royal marriages are apt to be marked with indifference or aversion of the parties for each other; and often, as the choice has been so narrowed, there is wanting that physical charm which is the lowest bond of conjugal affection; the sovereign sees a hundred ladies in his court more attractive than his queen, and they, too often, are only envious of her exalted position, and disposed to rival her at least in the affections of their monarch. When we consider, then, how many women in such a circle unite to beauty and fascinating accomplishments a deep want of principle, and an utter indifference to religion, and on the other hand, how much a king has to offer to overcome a virtuous resistance—wealth, honors, power, all that man naturally covets, we shall cease to feel surprise that so many kings have been dissolute, and rather wonder that any have been irreproachable and some saintly.

But power, let us be assured, always rests more or less upon a real basis—upon the moral and intellectual vigor of those who possess it. Now there is nothing which destroys moral and mental vigor more rapidly and completely than voluptuousness. It involves, in the first place, a base subjection of the will, the kingly faculty in man, to the dominion of a low vital susceptibility, a mere bodily appetite in fact (for the voluptuary soon loses all thought of love in its moral sense); and in the second place, it consists, in the physical sphere, in a perpetual irritation of the nervous system of organic life, which produces an exhaustion and degradation of the whole man. It is fatal to the individual, and fatal to his race. Now let us only suppose the case of this enervating and enfeebling process going on in a family generation after generation, and it is clear what the result will be:—that family will become what is called degenerate; it will have run out; have become exhausted; it will be represented by sensual, timid, irresolute beings, whose want of courage and moral energy will be associated with defective intellectual power. If you add to this cause the deplorable system of royal intermarriages, founded upon the excessive pride before mentioned, and implying a contempt for the instinctive cravings of affection which always lead men to seek for mates in a different family, and even in a different circle from their own, you have accounted sufficiently for royal "*cretinism*," as it is called, and in a word, for the incapacity of the present royal families of Europe. But *cretins* and incapable men cannot long rule mankind. Their dominion becomes insufferable and is felt to be degrading, and men rudely shake it off. Your king doing nothing is soon supplanted by a vigorous mayor of the palace who knows how to do every thing. Your Richard II cedes to your Bolingbroke; your Henry VI to your Edward IV; your James II to your Prince of Orange; or a revolution breaks out—a crisis political—and the crown tumbles off the head of the royal inanity into the dirt; then follows a period of wild and painful anarchy, till the people, having expended its paroxysm, becomes calm, and submits, even with pleasure, to a new and sterner master.

Who does not see the illustration of these views in the story of the Bourbons? Henry IV, a prince of great energy and talent, the founder of their line (considered

as one of French kings), commenced the tradition of royal voluptuousness. His son was a weak prince, but a good and moral man. He had a *master* all his life! Richelieu governed France in the name of the incapable son of the great Henry IV. The marriage of Louis XIII was for a long time a barren one; at length God gave him a son who, though far from equal to Henry IV, was nevertheless possessed of royal qualities, but who unfortunately imitated the licentiousness of his grandfather, and converted the court of France into a sort of harem. The mistresses and the illegitimate children of Louis XIV, the former adorned with titles, the latter shamelessly made princes of, marked a kind of deification of the passions of the monarch. His grandson, Louis XV, sank still lower in profligacy, and instead of being governed by a Richelieu, like the feeble but good son of Henry IV, was governed by a Du Barry and a Pompadour. Is it to be wondered at that the grandson of Louis XV, when it came to his turn to reign, in an evil hour for himself, found himself like Phaeton in the chariot of the Sun, incapable of guiding or controlling those frenzied steeds of Apollo—the passions of a multitude excited by new ideas—that he fell, and that monarchy in France fell with him? We insist upon this physical and moral deterioration consequent upon the licentiousness and luxury in royal families, not because we overlook the other detriments that accrue to their dignity from this source, such as the destruction of the prestige of royalty, the odium and contempt of their persons which it generates and diffuses, but because we regard the loss of internal vigor and native power as the chief and only fatal loss to a ruling house. Where these high qualities remain, other misfortunes can be repaired; the display of genius, of lofty courage, of masculine energy and a sovereign will, can reduce a refractory people to submission, conciliate the admiration of outraged subjects for their prince, revive loyalty in millions of breasts, and plant anew the royal tree shaken or half-uprooted by the storms of the state.

But we must not forget, looking at this subject as we do, from the religious point of view, that the sin of luxury in kings is a very great crime in the eyes of God, for which He will be sure one day to take a signal vengeance, and as it is more than the sin of a private person, namely, the sin of a king, will visit it upon his dynasty, in a public manner. For it is a fixed principle, which we have no need to establish, that with the advantages and merits, so to speak, of his birth, a king inherits in his public capacity, a participation in the demerits and faults of his ancestors, and becomes liable to punishment for their sins and errors. It was thus, that for the sin of David in regard to Bethsabée and Urias, the sword, as Nathan the prophet foretold him, never departed from his house; while for the criminal indulgence of Solomon towards the idolatry of his wives, ten tribes were forever rent away from the sceptre of his descendants. A king is the father and secular shepherd of his people; the supreme end of his authority is their moral welfare and eternal salvation, which he is to seek by political means, as the Church does by those which are heavenly and spiritual; and when he prostitutes his power and dignity to corrupt the morals of the fairest portion of his subjects, and sacrifices their purity and their hopes of heaven to procure an infamous pleasure to himself, let it be believed that this is a great crime, a deep treason against his office, and that sooner or later, it will be overtaken by the just vengeance of the Supreme Ruler of nations.

We have thus developed two causes of the degeneracy and fall of the Bourbons, their infernal pride and their shameful voluptuousness; by the first they stood up against God, and by the second, they corrupted and injured men; by both set a

fatal example to sovereigns and drew down upon themselves the inexorable pursuit of a Nemesis more real than that which followed the fated house of Atreus. If we examine them on the third head of royal delinquencies, we shall find them not less guilty than on the other two, and that they have given here, too, fearful and irredeemable pledges to the justice of Providence.

The state was not ordained for a mere secular end; nor does the civil authority have for its principal term and reason, the worldly prosperity of the nation over which it is established. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it does, nor a worse practical error than for a government to pursue this end at all hazards and as an exclusive or even paramount object. The secular order exists for the sake of the spiritual, the natural for the supernatural, the temporal for the eternal. Although the state is sovereign and independent in the secular sphere, that sphere is itself subordinate to a higher—the spiritual; and the civil authority, therefore, cannot be quit of the moral obligation to consult the spiritual interests of its subjects as their highest interests, never to be sacrificed to those of this life. The state is bound to prefer justice to power and extent of dominion; the virtue to the wealth of its citizens; unity of faith and purity of morals before all the other advantages that can be named. France always acknowledged these principles, and it was in virtue of her formal recognition of them that her sovereign was called the eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian king. The Bourbons recognized them more particularly in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a measure, which, whether in a political or moral sense, nothing else could excuse. And yet it only needs a glance at the history of France under their rule, to see how they made these high interests subordinate to their supposed political advantage and aggrandizement.

It is painful to be obliged to cite these errors of a fallen race, in whose veins runs the blood of a St. Louis, but truth forces us to point out how Henry IV was the first Catholic monarch in Europe to make a political compromise with the avowed enemies of the faith in the bosom of his own kingdom; how in the name of his successor, Richelieu supported the arms of the Protestant princes in order to humble the power of Austria; how Louis XIV pursued the same policy, even so far as to encourage, it is generally believed, the enterprise of William III upon England, and most assuredly followed it in his German alliances; how, at a later period, following these evil traditions, the eldest son of the Church leagued with Frederick of Prussia against the Empress-Queen, abandoned Catholic Poland to heretical Brandenburg and schismatical Russia, left Ireland to the oppressive rule of Protestant England, and in short, made the *balance of power* instead of the unity of faith, the guiding star of French policy. The shame and misery of Gallicanism, the expulsion and suppression of the Jesuits, belong to the same category of errors.

And if you come down to the fifteen years of the Restoration, and the eighteen of the Orleans branch, when the race had an opportunity of repairing its mistakes, you discover that they used it only to repeat or rather to aggravate them, in the infidel system admitted to teach in the universities, in the desecration of Sunday by public works in deference to the heathen sentiment of the portion of society which seemed to rule, in the shameless endowment of a dozen different forms of religion by the State, as if it were become atheist at once, and lastly by the marriage of the heir of the throne to a Protestant. The mere license allowed to infidel writers to undermine the very foundations not only of religion but of social morality, during all the period both of the Restoration and of the Orleans rule, is a sufficient proof of the Bourbons' unworthiness: for if they could have prevented it

and did not, they were unfit to reign as most Christian kings; if they could not have prevented it, it was time for them to yield to a sovereign and a dynasty that could. Incapacity in kings is indeed a worse fault than simple unworthiness, because it is one that cannot be remedied. The last monarch of France of their race was far from being incapable, however; or at least his incapacity lay in not being able to comprehend anything beyond the most worldly policy:—the *Reineke Fuchs* of the State, old Louis Philippe died, as he deserved, in exile and political contempt. A most ignoble close did he make of the long line of Capetian sovereigns, which began with Hugh the Great—he who knew not the alphabet of the true act of reigning, and mistook successful meanness for greatness, who thought France could be governed without one holy, without one generous aspiration as the life of her ruler's policy! The last prince of the third race of kings, having abandoned the insignia of his family—the oriflamme, the *fleur de lys*, the cry of *Denis Mont-joie*, the very title of king of France, the usages of the Bourbon monarchy, the time-honored titles of the French princes (the *Dauphin*, *Monsieur* and *Madame*)—in place of these heroic though exhausted traditions, could only substitute material interests, a sordid bourgeois policy of encouraging luxury for the sake of trade, and trade for the sake of luxury. Not one spiritual interest of the people was cared for under his short-sighted reign. That domain was left for the socialists and fourierites. His chief ministers were Guizot, a Protestant, and a writer of superficial histories; Thiers, another clever litterateur, a votary, therefore, of the system of display and vanity ycleped parliamentary government; and Soult, the old robber of the Peninsula, a Jew by birth (if D'Israeli may be credited), and certainly possessed of no more ideas of Christian statesmanship than a musket. These were the councillors of the Citizen King. But in truth it made no sort of difference which of them held for the time the principal portfolio of the ministry; the essential type of the Philippine policy was never departed from by any of the nominal administrations, from Casimir Perier to the last acceptance of a portfolio by the vain Thiers, while Paris was already in *émeute*, and the days of the Orleans dynasty were numbered.

Great ideas are the real daily bread of nations, and the government under which a people is famished in respect to these, has lost the reason of its existence. It was this fundamental want that alienated the French from the government of Louis Philippe. They were disgusted with mere secular prosperity; the classes who who did not share that prosperity, which the conduct of government caused to be regarded as the sole end of public authority, rose in rebellion; and so the poor tricky sham of the *juste-milieu*—the system which had no principles or great ideas of its own, and thought to steer safely by holding the exact middle way between opposing principles—came to an end.

We repeat that this result is inevitable when secular governments give themselves up to the pursuit of mere secular ends. These ends can *never be perfectly attained*; and the best accomplishment they can possibly have is always an apple of Sodom, fair to the eye, ashes to the taste. The grandeur of the grand monarch was discovered to be a theatrical show at last, and one that had cost France infinitely too dear. The restoration disappointed the royalists more bitterly than it offended the nation at large; and the burgher policy of Louis Philippe failed to satisfy the bourgeoisie: the National Guard themselves gave the *coup de grace* to that very system which was designed to repose on the contentment of the selfish interests of the middle class. And Providence itself, which never created the great trust of civil authority to subserve the interests of the mere animal man, and still

less the animal interests of a mere class in society, withdraws its protection from governments that so abuse their trust, and suffers them to reap as they have sown.

From all these things we conclude, and we believe it could be made still more clear did our limits allow us to go into the historical details, that every cause which could tend remotely to destroy a dynasty was at work in the case of that of the Bourbons; and looking at things in the large, comprehensive way, we do not see how they could have continued to reign, unless the laws of Providence were suspended in their favor by a miracle. Any how, that miracle has not been wrought, or at least it has been wrought in vain, for not once but twice, notwithstanding the merits of St. Louis interceding for them, their sceptre has been shivered into dust.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LONDON PRESSMEN.

A GOOD deal of information has recently transpired in regard to the manner of getting up the periodical literature, which now absorbs to itself so large an amount of talent. In no other country in the world is the system carried to such perfection as it is in England, and in no other city as in London. The following account of the manner in which the editorial matter, as well as the news, of the great London journals is prepared, we take from Duffy's Fireside Magazine. At some future period we shall present a similar view of the Paris press, the *redaction* of which, as it is called, is somewhat differently managed.

"In this age of competition and progress, the saying that 'a daily paper is a daily want,' has arrived at something like the dignity of an apophthegm. The statesman and the warrior, the merchant and the man of business, the poet and the painter, the actor and the author, the speculator and the *savant*, the priest and the layman, those who work and those who are idle, those who live to please others, and those who live only to please themselves — to each and all the very look of their morning paper bears the welcome aspect of an intelligent and omniscient friend, in whose pages they are sure to find exactly what they want, at the least possible outlay of trouble and expense to themselves. The whole earth seems to be girdled, day after day, between sunrise and sunset, by a legion of dainty Ariels, whose sole, but by no means simple occupation, is to gather and garner up information for the uses of the great London Press. Every thing that can be of possible use to anybody is there hived, and stored, and elaborated, and finally sent forth in so workmanlike and artistic a fashion, that the very perfection of the accomplishment, and frequency of the feat, cause us to lose sight of the aggregate amount of genius, diligence, toil, and industry that have achieved it. And even when we do come to consider the matter closer, the very magnitude of the operations which must be included in the manufacture of one of these vast daily repertoires of knowledge, daunts us at the outset, and causes us to wonder, not at how it has been so well done, but how it could ever be done at all. By-and-by, however, when our inquiries become a little closer, and our means of information more correct, we begin to be able to unravel the matter, although our wonder at the result necessarily remains as great as ever. We find that Money — Capital, is at the bottom of it; but we also find that the system on which this capital is disbursed is the most perfect that can be conceived, and that the marvels achieved by it are produced and superintended by an agency worked out with the most wonderful harmony and exactness in all its details. A plethoric treasury induces a spirit of indifference as to expense, when a desirable object is to be obtained, and this wholesome prodigality almost necessarily raises up a host of claimants, in the hope to profit by it. But the ambitious tyro, fresh from college, and burning to distinguish himself as a

member of the far-famed 'London Press,' has still a long probation to go through before he arrives at the goal of every pressman's hope. A scale of progression and gravitation is before him, and like the ambitious actor on another stage, he must learn to walk the provincial boards with dignity and effect, before he can hope for an engagement on the great metropolitan stage; and even then he must be the best of his kind — 'the most perfect article to be had in the market' — ripe, ready, zealous, and, above all, *practical*, or he will have to retire from the field, in order to make way for a better man.

"Conducted and systematized as journalism now is, it has been elevated into the dignity of a profession — and a very important and influential one, too — by the efforts of able men, who were aware of the advantages and responsibilities attached to their calling, and who perceived that the public were prepared to encourage and reward them for every change for the better which their own talents and anxiety enabled them to make. They, therefore, proceeded to gather together bands of subordinate workers, perfect in the several departments in which they were to be placed; and, still better, they determined to remunerate them in so liberal a spirit as to make it worth the while of men of liberal education and well trained ability to prepare for their service, and to be satisfied to remain in it, when they were engaged. We have heard, that to Mr. Perry, a former proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, is due the first great move in what has certainly proved to be the right direction, but be that as it may, we believe that the members of the profession in the present day have a right to look to the *Times* as the vast and munificent fountain from which have sprung those golden waters that have fertilized others and enriched itself. In this age of keen competition, others have followed its example, hoping to arrive at similar result; but, although formidable competitors are in the field, and although some amongst them may have rivalled, and even outstripped it in some one department, still, on the whole, its superiority is manifest, and its unrivalled popularity enables it to keep even the best of its competitors at bay, from the almost extravagant generosity of its outlay. Its rule of action, and a very wise one it is, is to admit nothing that is not well worth paying for; and to accept nothing that it does not pay for on the most liberal scale. The source is immaterial; the value and utility of the article are the test. Many a 'correspondent' has been paid for articles which never appeared, but the special information conveyed in which has been worked up in another way; and more than one amateur contributor, who would have been quite content to have his ambition gratified by seeing his productions appearing in the columns of the *Times*, has been still further gratified by an unexpected draft on its treasury; thus winning gain as well as glory, pudding as well as praise. An anecdote or two will illustrate this. Some time ago, during the railway battles which occurred between the advocates of the broad and narrow gauge, a clever, but illiterate mechanic, formed certain shrewd speculations on the subject in dispute, and embodied them in a series of very disjointed and ungrammatical epistles to the editor of the *Times*. They were read (for in so well-managed an establishment every thing is read), and although their orthography was questionable, the value of their suggestions was admitted. They never appeared, but the writer was just as amply paid as if they had; for they passed into more competent hands, and were polished into shape, and thus presented to the public in a more attractive guise. A young gentleman, travelling in America, amused himself, during his progress, by writing home letters to 'The leading Journal.' On perusal, they were found to possess more than ordinary merit, and to contain some peculiar information which it was considered desirable to publish. They were consequently inserted; and on his return their author was both astonished and delighted to learn that 'a cheque,' drawn in his favor, awaited him at the office whenever he pleased to call for it. In this commercial and utilitarian spirit of giving *quid pro quo*, all its arrangements are based; and the consequence is, to insure priority and accuracy of information on almost all imaginable subjects, precisely because it is generally known that, when given, it will be adequately requited. At the same time, in thus illustrating our position by an example or two, we would not be understood to detract from the capacity or number of its registered and permanent staff, or from the efforts its members are competent and well inclined to make. In fact,

the name of the phalanx of its literary retainers, foreign and domestic, is 'legion,' and the sums disbursed for their especial behoof are almost fabulous. Subdivision of labor is the official order of the day, and as 'Jacks of all trades' are generally 'masters of none,' in literature as well as in meaner things, every man is selected according to the bent of his genius, and ample time is given him to perfect his work, because he is richly paid and has nothing else to do. Editors, sub-editors, leader and summary writers, critics, correspondents, reviewers, reporters, occasional reporters — each is given his particular business to furnish, and all that is expected of him is, that it shall be well done, and never behind time. To select him for his post at all is, *a priori*, a mark of his ability, and an acknowledgment of it, and stimulants are never wanting to encourage him, should he be found worthy of their application. And thus it is, when we seat ourselves at our breakfast-table of a morning, and glance our eye over the broad sheet which lies so innocently beside our muffin plate, we are never disappointed in our expectation of finding the latest news told in the best manner, or of reading essays which Addison might have penned on subjects which less accomplished writers must have failed to make either interesting or palatable. We turn from politics to the drama, from war to peace, from the palace to the police office, from the city to the country, from the east to the west, from England to its antipodes — there is not a link wanting, an item omitted, a record delayed; 'our own correspondents' seem to have ten times the ubiquitous vitality of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, and whether they are required to dip into the mine, dive into the sea, soar into the air, expose themselves to the dangers of cholera, the broadside of a Russian three-decker, or the fire of a Turkish battery, they appear to be always at their ease and in their element, and to proceed on their mission with a never-say-die sort of mercurial audacity, which, by the thousands of readers who profit by it, would be found much more difficult to imitate than to admire.

"Although we have selected the *Times* as the theme on which to ground our foregoing observations, we are quite well aware that many of its competitors make efforts nearly as great, and foster literary talent, of a particular kind, nearly as much. It is said, even, that latterly, something like professional jealousy is felt by the 'thunderer' against the youngest and most vigorous of its rivals, the *Daily News*; and those who read the finished articles of the latter, and glance over the mass of information supplied by its contributors, will be disposed to admit that even the best of its opponents must never spare the spur, if they wish eventually to win the race, or keep the cup. In many of its departments, also, the *Morning Chronicle* is a keen and formidable competitor for public favor; and more than once we have heard that the magnates of Downing street have admitted the accuracy of the foreign reports sent to, and inserted, in it, when they pooh-pooh'd those of its mighty cotemporary as not altogether worthy to be relied on.

"If we turn from the journals themselves to their contributors, we shall be equally surprised at the wonderful fertility, industry, and dexterity of some of the men who work the machine, as at the power and profuse expenditure of the organs into which the product of their flowing fancies and vigorous pens perennially find their way. It will readily be taken for granted, that what is called 'a leader writer,' for a first, or even for a second-rate London journal, must require learning, training, and ability of a very peculiar kind; and therefore it is that their number, although considerable, is still limited in the aggregate, and their services both highly paid for and greatly in request. We are aware of instances in which writers officially unconnected or bound to any one particular journal, are yet in the receipt of incomes amounting to, sometimes, a thousand pounds a year, gained by untiring industry and a degree of facility, which only great original talent, coupled with long-continued practice, could ever give. Their business is to provide leading articles for the daily and weekly journals, which are paid for, not by any stipulated salary, but by the piece, as we may call it; and the sum total of highly-finished matter furnished by them in this way, is really one of the marvels of this go-a-head generation. We happen to be cognizant of the fact, that the average daily work of one of them — the accomplished son of an accomplished father — is *eight* articles! some longer and some shorter — all dashed off at a heat, and including a mass of matter, the very writing out of which would daunt an ordinary scrivener.

And yet this wonderful performance must be first-rate, and so considered by the purchasers, or it would not be accepted or paid for; nor would it be copied into the provincial journals, and quoted and requoted, as the well-digested and considered opinions of the great London Press. But here, again, the sub-division of labor is brought into profitable account; for the rough material, out of which these polished pieces are to be wrought, is provided in this way to the superior lapidary's hand. Two or three young men, selected for their aptness and ability, are engaged as his assistants, whose duties are to read over new works, hunt up necessary authorities, inform themselves of special facts, and, having thus armed themselves, their further duty is to jot these down loosely together, and present them to their principal, who then elaborates them into more perfect form, after the fashion which his experience suggests. Again, the matter worked up and furnished to one journal, on any particular subject, may be recast and given a different dress in order to suit another, or others; and, in this way, with considerable labor and infinite address, we find the product of one able and well trained mind presented to us in many useful and agreeable forms, and gaining fresh grace and beauty by the way. Furthermore, 'the 'prentice hands,' to whom was allotted the original drudgery, are thereby put into active and efficient training themselves. They undergo a sort of pupillage, and ultimately are sent forth from the great artist's *studio*, as very accomplished professors, to follow the same vocation, and, in many cases, to insure a similar reward. All this exertion, however, presupposes an amount of industry, for which men of the literary *genus* are not often given credit. But this is the calumny of a by-gone day; and the lives of the most eminent amongst our present writers, of every class and degree, give no countenance to it. In particular, the writers for the press take an honest pride in keeping up the dignity of their responsible profession; they live like gentlemen, mix with gentlemen, and, in social life, endeavor to assume and keep for their families a position consonant to their undoubted rank. At the same time, to do this with effect in dear, delightful, extravagant London, is an undertaking of so expensive a character, that the most constant and unwearied efforts are necessary in order to keep the pressure of circumstances from deranging the intellectual process, so constantly at high-pressure action, and so decidedly necessary to keep every thing right. Thus, industry becomes a compulsory virtue, and order, regularity, temperance, and domesticity tread in its train. Grub-street and its garretteers are now only an unpalatable tradition; and even a penny-a-liner would turn up his nose, if offered a residence for nothing in 'lodgings' such as Goldsmith revelled in, and Johnson continued to inhabit long after he had the means to live in better, if he chose.

"Having alluded to the class of London *littérateurs*, called penny-a-liners, I may take the opportunity of saying that, taken on the whole, they are a clever, comical, jolly, hardworking, extraordinary race, who live and thrive best on the misfortunes of others, and manage to put money in their own purses by telling how others have been plundered or defrauded of it. They are not gregarious, however—at least when looking out for food, as they generally hunt in couples, and look upon others of the same *genus* as themselves as offensive intruders, whom they would demolish if they could. It is wonderful, however, to witness the activity, energy, and perseverance of their pursuit, once the game is started, or even when their practised senses catch the slightest scent where it may lie. A fire breaks out, it matters not where, and before a single engine has time to arrive, you will distinguish among the anxious crowd several individuals, well made up against the weather, with bearskin coats and mufflers, who betray the liveliest anxiety to gather every morsel of information that any body can give. They rush from place to place, and hazard life and limb, almost as freely as the fire-brigade itself. Every jet of the flame, every shout of the mob, every accident or escape from accident of the inmates, the progress of 'the tremendous element,' the immense 'sacrifice of valuable property,' the extraordinary exertions of that particular member of the fire-brigade who wore whiskers, and rushed to the rescue of the distracted female who appeared at a window in the fourth story, with dishevelled hair, and clasping an infant wildly in her arms; the falling in of the roof, during which 'you might hear the pulse of the mighty multitude throb as one man;' each incident is noted down, to be quoted to-morrow, by these anxious in-

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quirers, whom you take to be philanthropists of the brightest hue, and who turn out to be *only* penny-a-liners, earnest in their vocation, and making the most of it, at this 'interesting juncture' of their lives. And then what a rich mine of wealth is a well-concerted, cruelly-perpetrated murder to them! How they haunt the spot, and hover about the remains, and hunt up information, and discover that 'the color of the handkerchief was blue,' and that one of the eyes was 'a little discolored by a livid mark,' which *might* have been done by either hand or hammer; and how an empty glass (with a shank to it) was discovered in the cupboard, and a blue paper (with nothing in it) was extracted from a table drawer, and a knife, 'the blade of which was slightly bent,' lay buried beneath a heap of offal in a small larder to the right of the stone passage. It is the very poetry of particularity, and would soar many degrees higher, were it not that the ill-natured sprite, called 'the sub-editor,' is sure to cast an envious eye on its ambitious flights, and jealously to dock them when they come beneath his ill-natured knife. In fact, this same 'sub-editor' is about the direst foe with whom the penny-a-liner has to contend. He has the horrible duty allotted to him of curbing, maiming, cutting down, and otherwise disfiguring the products of the penny-a-liner's imaginative mind and flowing pen, and all accounts concur in saying that this duty he performs in a very ruthless way—that is, unless he happens to be a young hand. A friend of ours, however, chanced to be in this predicament, and on his first induction to office, generously admitted every flowing period sent to him. After a few days, however, he found that the length of the 'reports' became alarming, and that his whole available space must be taken up in rape, robbery, fire, murder, suicide, drowning, and such ferocious material. An application to, and consultation with, a 'cute' old editor, however, set him right. 'They find you a little green,' he said, 'and so long as you continue so, they will make hay of you; just put the whole bundle in the waste-basket for a few days, and they will understand the hint without a single word said on the subject.' The hint was taken, and our friend's perplexity and trouble at once were at an end.

"The incomes derived from this branch of business are sometimes very considerable. The principal person employed by the *Times* is said to be in the receipt of fifteen hundred a-year. He keeps a secretary, assistants, vehicles and horses, and is to be found at every scene of enormity within twenty miles of the great metropolis. Others realize profits to the amount of many hundreds a-year, and these profits are wonderfully increased, if it so happen that any number of the disasters they are employed to record take place on a Thursday or Friday, because they are then able to furnish reports to the weekly and Sunday papers, as well as to the daily ones. There lately occurred a 'tremendous conflagration' at the west-end of London on a Friday morning, and we were assured that a pair of these 'diligent inquirers' actually netted sixty pounds as the product thereof. It is a misnomer, however, to call them penny-a-liners, as three half-pence is now the sum given for each line of their useful, graphic, and meritorious productions."

How the Heathen lamented their Cost.

For the Tomb of Philanis, dying unwed.

BY THE VIRGIN ANYTE.

OFTEN upon the lamentable grave
Of the Maid untimely dying,
Kleino the mother wept her child beloved:—
By name to the Shade loud crying
Of Philanis! who, the marriage-night unproved,
Crossed Acheron's pale wave!

She touched the Hem of His Garment.

Written at Rome, on the 23d Sunday after Pentecost, 1844.

O PROMPT, as once on Hermon's hill,
The dews of health to shed!
The afflicted ruler at his will
Thy patient footsteps led.

Fountain of Life! what healing force
Passed from Thee not unfelt,
While 'mid the crowd who thronged thy course
The conscious Woman knelt.

When Thou, O Jesu, on her turned
To ask who touched Thee—who?
Thus by her Healer's eye discerned
What shame, what fear she knew.

Flowed downward from that brow divine
The meekly-parted hair,—
The woman-like, the heavenly sign
Of tenderest pity there.

And hovered still that mighty dove
Upon the opening lips,
While greater miracles of love
Those of Thy power eclipse.

From those sweet awful lips broke forth
The re-assuring word
Of Him the utterance of whose mouth
Is like a two-edged sword.

Peace spreads through all the listener's soul,
Like health through all her frame;
Holding in *heart* that sacred stole
Through Heaven's love-gate she came.

Sore stricken, too, with shame and fear
Thou didst not then condemn,
Oft might we dare unseen draw near
To touch thy garment's hem;

To feel the flowing fount of sin
Dried up within the soul,
And that absolving sentence win,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole!"

THE HOLY WAY OF THE CROSS.

THE Protestant who enters one of our churches may very probably have his attention arrested by a series of pictures, or colored prints, or may be prints uncolored, hung upon the walls on either side at regular intervals, and of which the artistic execution, in his opinion, will scarcely entitle them to such a place. If he vouchsafes to examine them, he will find that they are representations of certain passages or circumstances in the passion of Jesus Christ, beginning with His sentence of death—"And Pilate delivered Him to be crucified"—and ending with His sacred entombment. It is likely enough, if he be piously inclined, with some faint conviction in his heart or mind, that this event, the steps of which are thus depicted, was the fountain of human salvation, the transaction which reconciled our race to its Maker, that he will form a rather favorable opinion than otherwise of the devout intention of those by whom these pictures were so placed, at the same time that he cannot well suppress a curl of the lip at the artistic taste which selected them. Or, if his visit chance to occur at one of the hours when the church in question is frequented by devotees, he will be surprised and interested to observe a certain small number of persons, an old woman perhaps, or two, and some gray-haired laborer, quite likely a foreigner, a German perhaps, making the circuit of these pictures, kneeling in the aisle at each one, and saying to himself or herself some prayers.

These persons are performing the devotion called *The Way of the Cross*, and the pictures are put there, not for any æsthetical beauty that they can boast, for that is often, to say the least, extremely moderate, and by no means calculated to raise the enthusiasm of a lover of art, but simply to enable that devotion to be performed. Each picture is but a colored or outlined *word*, the object of which is to call up to the devotee's mind a scene, an event, deeply engraven by quite another instrument upon the tablet of his or her heart and memory, and if it were little more than a hieroglyphic in its rudeness, it would still serve that purpose, and, were it exquisite as Raphael's Holy Family, might serve it less.

At each of these pictures, called technically *Stations*, certain prayers are said, and the heart is directed to meditate on the event represented, in order to kindle suitable affections towards the Saviour of mankind in His sufferings. When the Stations have been erected by an authority competent to do so, the act of those performing the devotion is considered equivalent for certain purposes to a devout pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre itself, and has been enriched by the Sovereign Pontiffs with the same indulgences—to wit, a plenary one, each time it is performed. When our supposed Protestant friend had received this explanation he would probably be worse scandalized than by the unartistic character of the pictorial representations of which he will now have obtained a complete solution. The whole arrangement subserves not a purpose of ornament, nor is it even intended merely to excite pious emotion, but provides the means for the performance of an *action* recognized by the Church as penitential, satisfactory and meritorious.

As at this season many of our readers will, we hope, be performing the Stations of the Cross, we give on the following pages some of the exquisite though simple verses which have been written touching the sacred events they will commemorate, illustrating each with a cut of the Station from a little book in common use among Catholics in practising the devotion, and called *The Holy Way of the Cross*.

FIRST STATION.*Jesus is condemned to Death.*

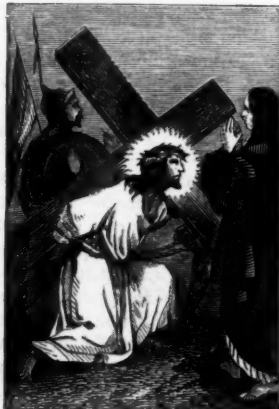
"Amazing Mystery! past all ken:
All thought transcending far:
The Judge of angels and of men
Judg'd at a human bar!"

SECOND STATION.*Jesus takes the Cross on His Shoulders.*

"In silent sadness, through the throng,
His Cross the Saviour bore;
While wretches, as he passed along,
Insulted Him the more."

THIRD STATION.*Jesus falls the first time under the Cross.*

"The cruel jest and ribald song
Assailed him from the hostile throng;
Until in misery none can tell,
Borne down, at last, the Victim fell!"

FOURTH STATION.*Jesus meets His most afflicted Mother.*

"Virgin of virgins! thy pure feet
The path of pain have trod;
Thy heart went forth thy Son to meet,
Mother of God!"

FIFTH STATION.



Jesus is assisted in carrying His Cross by Simon of Cyrene.

"See, 'neath a cross of wood our Maker bend,
And from created strength his help attend!"

SIXTH STATION.



Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.

"See where yon woman wipes His sacred face,
And wins a likeness of the King of Grace!"

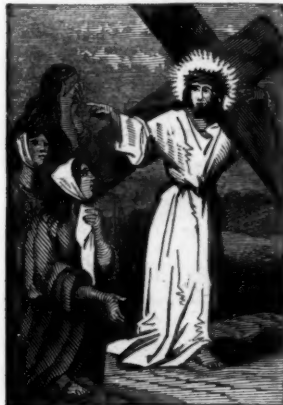
SEVENTH STATION.



Jesus falls under the Cross the Second Time.

"See where the Cross—that purchase of the Crown—
Weighs on His frame once more and sinks it down!"

EIGHTH STATION.

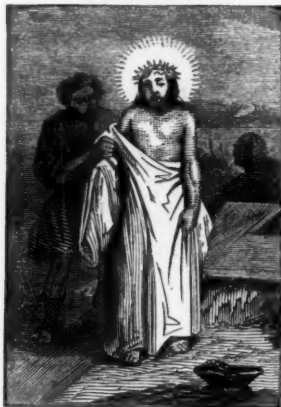


Jesus consoles the Women of Jerusalem, who followed Him, and wept over Him.

"Lo where the daughters of sad Salem weep,
Whom for themselves He bids those piteous tears to keep!"

NINTH STATION.*Jesus falls under the Cross the Third Time.*

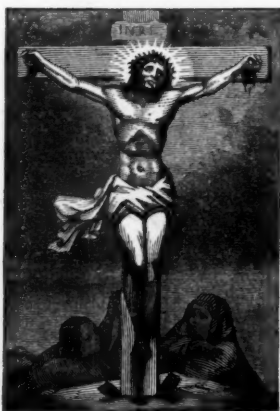
"For the third time see Jesus fall
Beneath His weighty cross :—
For its dear sake, Lord, teach us all
To count all else but dross !"

TENTH STATION.*Jesus is Stripped of his Garments.*

"Now from His pure and virgin form
The garments off they tear,
For He beneath God's anger-storm
Will naked stand and bare !"

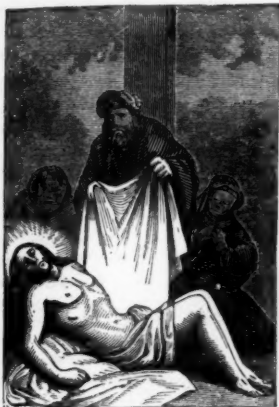
ELEVENTH STATION.*Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.*

"See — see as His Altar
The Cross is displayed,
And He, the great Sacrifice,
On it is laid !"

TWELFTH STATION.*Jesus Expires on the Cross.*

"Lo ! how He bows, — when He resigns
His breath,
That Head which holds the Crown of
Life and Death !"

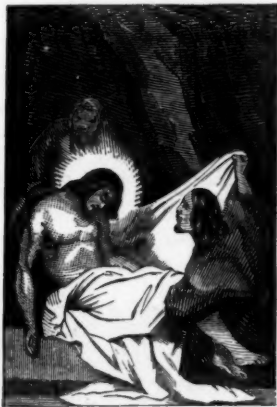
THIRTEENTH STATION.



Jesus is taken down from the Cross.

"See taken from the bloody Cross
The Victim who repaired our loss!"

FOURTEENTH STATION.



Jesus is Laid in the Sepulchre.

"And laid within His rocky tomb
The Victor's self of Death's pale gloom!"

We adore Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, and bless Thy holy name,
Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.



The Dolorous Way in Jerusalem.

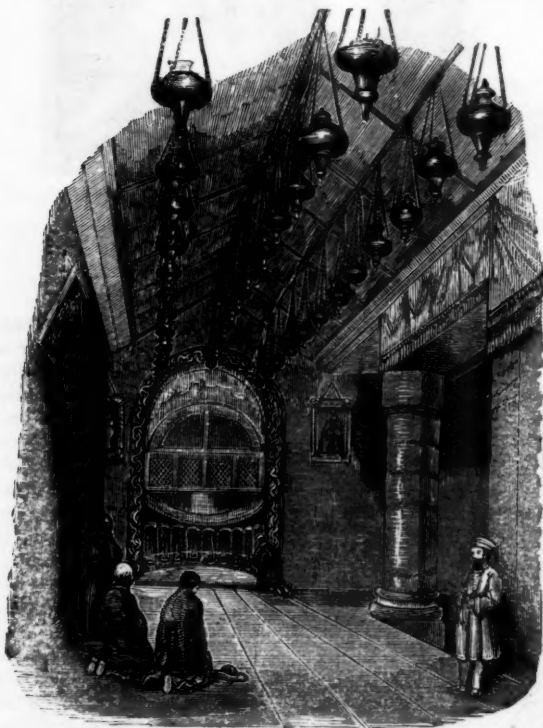
The most interesting, and we were going to say, the most perfect manner of performing the Way of the Cross, is to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to perform the Stations in the Dolorosa Via, the Dolorous Way itself, traced by the steps and sanctified by the blood of the Divine Saviour of mankind. That was the beginning of this heart-touching devotion, which has been thus practised for at least fifteen centuries by our predecessors in the faith, who from distant countries have sought the sacred scene of the salutary Passion, and, arrived at the spot so

fruitful in graces, have commenced at the house of Pilate, and thence proceeded, on their knees, along the Way of Grief where bliss eternal was purchased for each of the pilgrims.

The cut on the preceding page, represents the *Dolorosa Via*, as it is at present in Jerusalem, winding along the rocky hill-side of Zion, worn by the feet and the knees of pilgrims without number, of every age, sex, color, and clime.

Over the terminus of this Holy Path—the Tomb in which the body of our Lord was deposited after it was taken down from the cross—is erected, as all know, the celebrated church of the Holy Sepulchre, to save which from the power and pollution of the infidels, Europe at the time of the Crusades precipitated itself

upon Asia; and which, singularly enough, even in this day of unbelief and material interests, was the first object of contention that led to the contest now raging in the East, and which seems to involve all Europe and Asia, even as of old. Indeed, a veneration for this sacred spot, and a love for the devotional exercise that thence took its rise, is necessarily bound up with a true appreciation of what was accomplished there for us, and of the person by whom it was accomplished. In the passage from Pilate's house to the Arimatean's tomb, our salvation was achieved, and He who wrought it was



Interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

God incarnate: these two simple propositions of faith explain all the devotion of the Christian world for so many centuries to the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, as evinced in the never-ending lines of pilgrims who during all the lapse of those centuries have continued to approach it, and in the devotion of the Holy Way of the Cross, by which those who cannot seek the Holy Spot, with their feet, visit it in mind and heart, and pour out their prayers and their tears over the last footsteps of their Redeemer and before the resting-place of His Body sacrificed for their sins,

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LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—III.

(LA CONCIERGERIE—MARIE ANTOINETTE).

ON the banks of the Seine, in one of the oldest quarters of Paris, stands the Palais de Justice. Beneath this feudal castle, the ancient residence of the kings of France, lies the famous "Conciergerie." By a special permit of the prefect of police, we were admitted through a frowning gateway, into these subterranean chambers, dug, in a manner, out of the foundations of the Palace. The walls are green moulded and scaled by constant humidity. The tramp of numberless wayfarers on the quays, the unceasing roll of vehicles in the adjoining streets, the dull, monotonous splashing of the river against the bridge and parapet walls, send a din through the long and dismal corridors, with mournful echoes, like the moans of the unhappy beings, who through many ages, have tenanted these sepulchral abodes. The massive piers, the groined vaults, the fantastic sculptures of these substructions, as well as the sombre walls and spired turrets which surmount them, recall the early period of the Capetian kings, who rioted in the halls above whilst their prisoners pined away in the dungeons beneath.

They forgot that the Providence of God, which is no respecter of persons, awards justice to the guilty even in this world; and alas! often punishes the crimes of the fathers in their children. Here as well as in the crypts of St. Denis, are proclaimed the admonition and menace; "O ye kings! understand: serve the Lord with fear: embrace discipline, lest at any time, He be angry and you perish from the just way."—(Ps. ii).

We entered the dim and silent ward: we passed through grated wickets and bolts and chains and guards. A narrow door opens into a vestibule which now serves as a sacristy to the prison chapel on the right. Here were confined the wretched Girondists, who expiated their follies and crimes by a bloody death; and here on the eve of their execution, they celebrated their last meeting on earth, with festivities worthier of Pagans than Christian men. To the left of the vestibule is a low, damp cell, perhaps some fifteen feet in length by six in breadth. Through a circular aperture, about twelve inches in diameter, cut in the form of embrasure through the solid masonry, and trellised with iron bands, a faint twilight glimmers on the bare walls and brick floor. A hospital pallet, mean and uncurtained, a small deal table, a wooden chest, two straw chairs, are its furniture. Among these realities of destitution, dreariness and horror, was incarcerated for seventy-six days the hapless widow of Louis XVI, the *ci-devant* queen of France, Marie Antoinette! She, of whom Burke had said, when she graced the *fêtes* of Trianon; "I saw the Queen of France at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering, like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy,"—she, now pale, haggard and emaciated, with blanched hair and tattered garments, forlorn of fortune, comfort and hope, occupied this old, unwholesome, noisome dungeon: and revolutionary France, mad with wickedness and imbrued with blood, exulted as it heaped ignominies and distresses on her head! Her appointed valet was a spy, robber and murderer; and two gens d'armes were thrust on her privacy, to torture by sinister aspect, sleepless vigilance and brutal address, the last hours of a defenceless, heart-broken, persecuted woman! Where was the lofty

courtesy of olden times, the championship of loyal knights, the chivalry of Du Guesclin, Dunois and Bayard? Where is the journal of that sad captivity? Ah! if those walls could reveal the scenes of misery which they inclosed; if these vaults could utter the story of her wrongs, what a chronicle to touch the heart would be given of the tears and sighs and agonies of that afflicted wife and mother!

On a black tablet affixed to the wall we read: "D. O. M. Hoc in loco Maria Antonia Josepha Joanna Austriaca, Ludovici XVI vidua, conjuge trucidato, liberis ereptis, in carcerem coniecta, per dies LXXVI, ærumnis, luctu et squalore adfecta, sed propria virtute innixa, ut in solio, ita et in vinculis, majorem fortunæ se præbuit: &c." Who can contest the truth of this pious record or refuse the tribute of pity, admiration and prayer to the departed spirit?

"Quisquis ades, adora, admirare, precare."

From this horrible dungeon, Marie Antoinette was led out into the blinding sunlight and exposed to the truculent multitude which outraged her feelings at every step, till the axe in the "Place de la Concorde," ended by one blow, her tortures, her sorrows and her life. As she had conscientiously and resolutely refused the proffered services of the Constitutional clergy, the Revolutionary Tribunal, with ineffable malice, denied her the consolations of religion. But God did not forsake her in this extremity of woe. Apprised that a faithful priest, who could not obtain access to her in prison, awaited the passage of the cortège in the Rue de St. Honoré, to give her absolution, she occupied herself solely with this thought, and with eager, searching gaze marked the houses in succession. At length she discovered the specified number and the hand upraised to bless her. With closed eyes and bowed head and penitent soul, she welcomed the grace and mercy of God. The sign of hope was given; the seal of reconciliation received: and then with a brighter look, a braver heart, a firmer step she mounted the scaffold. She knelt and prayed. One last look to the distant turrets of the temple: one last cry of the yearning spirit of the mother, "Adieu, my children, I go to rejoin your father," and the tragedy was ended!

Cruel as was the fate of poor Maria Antoinette, she does not escape even now the obloquy of ignorant and unfeeling men. How unmanly and unjust is this attack on her memory, which we find in one of the latest of Abbott's series! "The Queen had nerved her heart to die in the spirit of defiance to her foes. She thought perhaps too much of man, too little of God. Queenly pride rather than Christian resignation inspired her soul."

Little does this statement accord with the facts which impartial and veracious historians narrate; with the solemn words of that pathetic letter which she addressed to her sister, the Princess Elizabeth. "May my son never forget the last words of his father, which I now repeat from myself. *Never attempt to revenge our death.* I die true to the Catholic religion. Deprived of all spiritual consolation, I can only seek for pardon from Heaven. I ask forgiveness of all who know me. *I pardon all my enemies, the wrongs which they have inflicted:* — Je pardonne à tout mes ennemis le mal qu'ils m'ont fait."

But we need not wonder at this misrepresentation. The Protestant world does not know and cannot comprehend the consolations of Catholic faith. It cannot penetrate the interior; and guided by material instincts, it misjudges motives, sentiments and acts. Infidelity, indifference, or any form of error is preferable to the religion of the major part of Christendom. Thus this same compiler in speak-

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ing of the approaching death of Madame Roland, one of the refined heathens of the Revolution, seems quite content with her "vague and shadowy prayer, which betrays a painful uncertainty whether there was any superintending Deity to hear her cry." He has no reproof to utter, when "she came to the conclusion that it would be more honorable for her to die by her own hand, than be dragged to the guillotine." He is not startled at her "fears whether there was any immortality." And why? Because she disowned the faith of her fathers: because "the papal system appeared to her but a colossal monster, oppressing the people with hideous superstitions, bare-faced deception in processions and relics, ridiculous dogmas and puerile traditions!!" *En passant*, is it not meet to enquire how far it is instructive and edifying to put in the hands of our children these temptingly-illustrated falsehoods, fit companions and successors of the calumnies of Peter Parley?

(THE CAUSE OF THESE MISFORTUNES AND THEIR REMEDY).

I have expatiated on this eventful crime, because in glancing at the state of society, at the close of the last century, I regard the judicial murder of the Queen of France, as a high exponent of the utter debasement to which that society had sunk. Marie Antoinette dethroned, imprisoned, separated from husband and children, subjected to a vile and harassing surveillance, denied decent and sufficient raiment, calumniated, reviled, maltreated in all her relations, as Queen, wife, mother, woman — exposed to public insults, debarred the ministrations of religion, carried in a tumbrel to the scaffold, with her hands tied behind her back, guillotined amidst the fiendish shouts of a caitiff mob, demonstrates in the people a moral callousness, an excess of turpitude, a sanguinary ferocity, a retrogression to barbarism, which no other wickedness in the gory register of that epoch can surpass or equal. It is a history of crime and horror, unique, significant, comprehensive in itself. France indeed was rotten to the core.

Shall we ascribe this fearful depravity to the influence of the Catholic Church? So charge some theorists, with as sound logic as Macauley, who, in noting the temporal adversities of Ireland, attributes them to her religion, and not to the notorious misrule of England. The earnest and clear-sighted reader of history cannot be thus deluded. The despotism of Louis XIV in Church and State, the blow he gave to civil government, when he established Gallicanism in opposition to Papal authority, the errors of Jansenius and the fierce hatred of his followers to the Jesuits, the open corruption of the reign of Louis XV, and of the regency under the Duke of Orleans, the infidel conspiracy of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal and the Encyclopedists who had borrowed their unbelief from the English skeptics, the irreligion, profligacy and rebellion which flowed from the doctrines of these crafty teachers, were sufficient to poison the wells of life, and to shake the social and political fabric to its base. But let the work of iniquity be completed. The French Bishops are in exile; the clergy are put to death or banished; Catholics, suspected of *incivism* and persecuted, are driven to apostasy or to death. The patrimony of the Church is sequestered; colleges and academies closed; monasteries and convents secularized; religious orders suppressed; the sanctuaries of prayer and penance broken up; the Catholic worship extinguished; atheism inaugurated; God ignored and Hell declared triumphant. What more could be devised to rob France of her faith and demoralize her heart? Iniquity is ingenious and persevering. Chatel and his sacrilegious innovations — the St. Simonians, with their pantheistic extravagancies — the *littérateurs* and novelists, with their anti-social, anti-christian, impure tenets and descriptions — the University, with

its monopoly of education and misdirection of the youthful mind—a Voltairian government, subtle as malicious in its affected liberalism, these were the active foes that aggravated her calamities and riveted her chains! But God had pity on His Church; He rescued from its oppressors the land of St. Louis. Men had tried all expedients, resorted to all associations, adopted all systems; and found only vanity and affliction of spirit. Rendered wise by disappointment, they lifted their eyes to heaven once more—their refuge, hope and end. They recalled the pleasant times of old, the glories of the Church of France, the resources of the ancient faith. And that faith of their fathers again invoked, that faith so pure, so truthful, so cheering, so invigorating, though thwarted in its endeavors, was resolute to minister to their wants; though crushed to the earth, rose up full of energy and life; though unsupported by the powers of this world, still, in the name and by the virtue of Christ, wrought wonders in France. How marvellous indeed are the contrasts of the beginning and end of the last fifty years! Mark the present aspect. The Episcopacy is illustrated by men of talent, zeal, virtue and apostolic independence. They fling away the fetters of 1682; and inspired by Rome, to which they fondly cling, build up anew the institutions and monuments of religion. Many of them, by their works, are worthy of the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. The priests, learned, prudent, devoted, labor piously and efficiently in their ministry of redemption. If you enter the churches, you behold the evidences of that new life which animates France. There, like the sentinel at his post, the priest is always stationed. It is no periodic duty, no holiday occupation: for is he not a laborer in the vineyard, a servant in the temple of sacrifice, an intercessor in the house of prayer? From the early dawn until midday, priest succeeds priest at the altar. Do you repair to the sacristy to consult on Church business—to the font to obtain the waters of regeneration—to the confessional to crave remission of sins—to the tabernacle to adore Jesus Christ in the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament—to the bier, to assist at the solemn rites of the dead? There “the minister of Christ and dispenser of the mysteries of God” awaits you; prompt to aid, to relieve, to console you. The hours of darkness chill not his charity nor relax his zeal. The night bell and the placard are before you—“*La sonnette de nuit pour les sacrements.*”

If you enter a succursal church or pass a lateral chapel, you are arrested by the tones of a paternal voice, you discover gathered beneath the shadows of piers and the soft twilight of stained windows, a decorous, attentive, interested crowd. It is the *curé* or the *vicaire* with his little flock—the children of the parish, into whose innocent souls he is pouring the light of knowledge and the unction of grace. What vigilant love, what multiplied efforts, what unwearied pains to prepare those young hearts for the presence of Jesus Christ; and subsequently to confirm them in virtue by the “*Catechisme de Persévérance?*” The clergy of Paris know the value of religious instruction to correct the evils of the revolutionary past, to provide for the wants of the uncertain and perilous future. They neglect no opportunities to impart it. During the week and frequently on Sundays, you may listen to catechetical explanations, exhortations, *prônes*, sermons; delivered with that impressive eloquence which distinguished the pulpit orator in the days of Goldsmith. “The French preachers,” he says, “generally assume that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors of Christ.” I have heard some of the most accomplished speakers among the French clergy, and some less gifted and less popular: but in all, both the substance and manner were admirable. They speak without note or manuscript; with that attractive grace, that earnest

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piety, that winning directness of appeal, that touching simplicity, that perfect oratory, which we seek in the heralds of divine truth. No one can be blind to the influence which they exercise over the people. When eminent preachers like Lacordaire and Ravignan occupy the pulpit, nave, aisle, and side chapels are crowded to excess. Six thousand young men have been observed to hurry to Notre Dame or St. Roch or St. Eustache on these occasions.

And who are these hearers? Not merely the poor and humbler classes; but the educated and affluent members of society. "*Literati*," says Roselly de Lorgues, "*Orientalists, engineers, magistrates, diplomatists, naturalists; advocates, professors,—the whole intellectual power of the age, from the Polytechnic school to the old Academy, have been assembled in mute attention round a Catholic pulpit, in order to receive their share in the bread of the word.*" Nor is this assemblage of rare occurrence. Every festival and Sunday, the churches are thronged; not with a listless, irreverent, offensive multitude. Silence, order, attention pervade the house of God; and an air of soberness and piety in their words and actions, denotes the religious sentiment which actuates the worshippers. As my eye roamed over the immense concourse, gathered in respectful attitudes before the altar and pulpit, and marked the quiet and courteous association of mendicants and operatives and soldiers and military chiefs and children of the schools and guilds of artisans and representatives of the higher grades of civil life, I could not behold without emotion this grateful spectacle, nor hesitate, as I recalled the horrors of French infidelity, to exclaim: "*A domino factum est istud et est mirabile in oculis nostris!*" . . . Do not suppose that this is mere parade, the conventional piety which fashion inspires. Even were this true, since hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, the homage thus publicly rendered to a divine principle, would argue a wonderful change in the spirit and manners of a nation, formerly so wanton and reckless. But confining our views to the churches for the present, we cannot fail to observe most consoling assurances of the renewed power of faith. Look at those kneeling, motionless, silent figures. In the mists of the morning, they seclude themselves in these shadowy retreats: in the solemn stillness of evening when darkness is flung over the sanctuary, they tenant those marble floors; and even in the hours of the broad sunlight, when the world stirs the heart and claims man's thoughts and labors, they occupy some holy spot, they are found at their privileged places. They court no notice of earthly eyes; they crave no applause from worldly lips. They have come from the glare, the turmoil and the temptations of their homes and places of business, to seek a refuge in God, to adore Him in spirit and truth, to pour out their wants, hardships and sorrows in His sight, to solicit His succor, to obtain His protection. Holy and beautiful is this sweet and frequent communion of many Catholic hearts with God, in the quietness and solitude of the churches of Paris! But again, as we pass and re-pass the confessionals, and remark the crowds which resort to these fountains of mercy, we ask ourselves what but the power of God and the excellence of the Catholic religion could humble these souls with the sense of their infirmities and sins? What but the imperishable force of their faith could bring these recusants to their knees; not merely the lowly but the great, not only the poor but the rich, not the few but the many: compel them to avow their transgressions, to promise amendment, to offer atonement? Day by day, this "*ministry of reconciliation*" is exercised through long hours; and penitents go forth, purified, renovated, strengthened to combat their passions, to edify the world, to illustrate the holiness and might of their religion. And oh! who will not acknowledge the efficacy of

grace, as he beholds those invited guests who throng to the banquet of their Lord? It is not merely childhood in the beauty of its innocence, it is not only woman in her lively faith, her spontaneous piety, her generous affections; but man in his maturity and the fulness of his age, who triumphs over the world's scoffs and his own passions, and comes "to abide in God, that God may abide in him." Père Ravignan gave the communion at Notre Dame, at Easter, to fifteen hundred men, officers, lawyers, physicians, *savants*: and at St. Roch, at midnight mass, I saw the congregation rise, seemingly *en masse*, to greet their new born Saviour and receive Him into their breasts. Adieu. H.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Review of Current Literature.

1. *ESSAI SUR L'ORIGINE DES IDEES ET SUR LE FONDAMENT DE LA CERTITUDE*, suivi de Nouvelles Observations sur le Cartésianisme, à l'occasion d'un nouvel écrit de M. le Vicomte de Bonald. *Par le T. R. P. Ventura de Rautica*, Ancien Général de l'Ordre des Theatins, Consultant de la Sacrée Congregation des Rites, Examinateur des Evêques et du Clergé Romain. Paris: Auguste Vaton, 1854. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 254.

THE eloquent Father Ventura in his first Conferences (1851) traced the history of what he terms the philosophic reason and the Catholic reason, exposing the misery, the littleness, the sterility and the impotence of the former, and the riches, the elevation, the grandeur, the fertility and the force of the latter; the former, taking its point of departure in doubt, and seeking to penetrate truth by its own unaided force; the latter commencing with *faith*, and proceeding towards its end by the aid of revelation of which it both demonstrates the doctrines, and invests itself with the pregnant fulness and the glorious certainty. Applying these principles, the illustrious Theatin proceeded to treat of the Church, the Trinity, Man and the Incarnation, showing the conformity of the revealed truths to reason. In 1852, he resumed the subject by treating of the dogma of the Creation under the same point of view, showing that the ancient philosophers and modern rationalists, no less, have all either been ignorant of, or have denied and explained away this essential dogma, and developing the absurdities in point of religion, morality and even of philosophy, into which they have consequently fallen. He particularly insisted on the point that unless reason began its march by admitting, by an act of faith, on the authority of the united human race, taught by God, the creation of man by God, and a God Creator of man, it was impossible to avoid scepticism; and in connection with this position he quite naturally took up the philosophy of Descartes, and signalizing the famous *methodical doubt* as the necessary starting point of the philosophic reason, he vindicated that great man from the charge of having made it his own, and undertook to show that Descartes himself had established all certainty on the faith in God the Creator. In a philosopher so inconsistent and vacillating as Descartes, it is easy to prove almost anything, but the point where Father Ventura seemed to fail in this part of his proof, was in making out the basis of Descartes to be an act of *faith* in the existence of God the Creator, whereas that philosopher undertook to *demonstrate* that existence, in the manner of St. Anselm, from the mere idea of the infinite and all-perfect, so that in fine, he could not get clear of the vicious circle of resting all certainty on the position of a God Creator, and of proving that position by a process of reasoning, not yet shown to be certain.

We are free to confess that we are not accurately informed respecting the origin of the controversy growing out of the Conferences of Father Ventura, between that Very

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Rev. Father and the Vicomte de Bonald, son of the celebrated author of the *Primitive Legislation*, &c. and founder of the Traditionalist school in France. We have never read any of M. de Bonald's replies to, or attacks upon Father Ventura, and considering that M. de Bonald is but a *littérateur*, while Father Ventura is a learned priest and a great philosopher, would easily content ourselves with taking for granted that the latter is right and the former wrong. But we must say, that whether M. de Bonald can or cannot make good a defence of his own position in some points, we are extremely obliged to him for having been the occasion of his adversary's writing the brilliant and masterly work of which the title is given in our heading. Those severe, indeed over-caustic, but characteristic passages, in which the eminent orator chastises the presumption, and demonstrates the ignorance of his opponent (besides that in one or two instances we detect an abuse of power and an unfair or at least untenable criticism), interest us only as a display of controversial vigor seldom equalled; but the unfolding of Father Ventura's own views on the Origin of Ideas, on the Foundation of Certainty, and on the Philosophy of Descartes, results in a metaphysical treatise singularly clear in form, and which shows of how much service even an inexperienced opponent can be to the very greatest of philosophical writers. The very misapprehensions of such an adversary show the philosopher who looks down upon him from the heights of speculation, what points of his thesis need to be stated more clearly or even more *accurately*, what points of his *proof* need to be re-inforced and strengthened and rendered impregnable.

The present treatise of Father Ventura is divided by himself into three portions. In the first he treats of the Origin of Ideas, refuting the doctrine attributed to Descartes and held by his followers of innate ideas, and establishing the theories of the formation of ideas by the active human intellect (*intellectus agens*), which he does, by showing, 1, that it is the doctrine of St. Thomas and the schoolmen; and 2, that it is conformable to the nature of the human intellect as a real second cause, and the only escape from Pantheism, into which the opposite doctrine, of the passivity of the intellect in the perception of ideas, is resolvable. In the second part, he treats of Certainty, and is chiefly occupied with explaining the state of the question at the present time, and proving the criterion of universal consent. The third part, which is the longest and perhaps the most important, is an animated criticism of what Father Ventura calls the inquisitive method in philosophy, and a zealous vindication of the demonstrative or scholastic method. He lays down the principle that in philosophy we must set out from the order of faith to arrive at the order of conception. He proves it by St. Thomas, by the testimony of M. de Bonald, Sen., and by Descartes himself; he answers a crowd of objections; shows that the system of methodical doubt has been condemned by Rome, and by all the Catholic world; and ends by a powerful analogy between Cartesianism and Protestantism. The conclusion of the whole is that philosophy and theology are not different and independent sciences, but the same science treated in different manners, and as it were on different levels, and that theology is the mistress of philosophy, on which she imposes its laws and limits, and dictates to it its end. Father Ventura does not regard philosophical theories as matters of indifference, but as containing the principle and germ of every kind of political and social mischief, if they are false; and of every thing desirable in the secular and the religious sphere, if they are just and true. We forbear expressing any opinion in regard to his thesis, but we can safely say of the book that it is full of learning, and admirable for its logic and eloquence.

2. *HARMONIE DU CATHOLICISME AVEC LA NATURE HUMAINE. Par Mme. L. De Challié (née Jusseu).* Paris: Gaume Frères. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 324.

WE took up this volume with a certain prejudice. The harmony of Catholicity with Human Nature was a subject which in our judgment demanded something more precise and more powerful than any thing we had a right to expect from a female pen. Nor were our prejudices entirely dissipated when we found the fair author, in her Preface, laying it down that she had thought it permissible and proper to "transport herself into the very sphere of the understanding and the personal sentiment, putting on

one side the external proofs of religious truth," and that "the Catholic finds the rule of his faith and the proof of his belief in a fact entirely personal, in the relation between the very laws of the understanding and the conscience and the principle of the authority of the Church." Reading a little on, we discovered that Mme. Challié was aware of this first impression.

"If any one casts his eye on these pages, and at first sight is tempted to say: 'But you are not a Catholic, you seek your point of departure in yourself, see how already you place your conscience before the Church,'— we shall answer forthwith — 'who does not know that our submission to religious authority is a moral submission, though perfectly effectual, a free, voluntary submission, which originates for that very reason in the sphere of conscience, and which submits to that authority with a perfect intelligence of the motives of its submission? We have meant to establish precisely this, that the complete independence of the human fact, in the order of religious convictions, cannot be realized unless in virtue of our obedience to that Church wherein man does not teach man by his own private authority, and never speaks in his own name; and that, further, our obedience being a moral act, the Catholic faith, under a double aspect, maintains us at all times in the sphere of our proper and personal life; so that to be a Catholic it suffices, we may say, to agree to the normal conditions of our intellectual, religious and moral existence.'"

Proceeding from this thesis, to unfold and demonstrate it, the author gives us one of the clearest and most beautiful treatises we have read. Establishing that doubt is natural to the human soul since the fall, and yet that certainty is its first necessity, she shows that reason never finds itself in its normal condition but when, humbly recognizing its own weakness, it submits to a teaching at the same time external and truly divine. Hence follows the real existence of such a teaching, and in fine of the Catholic Church. We cannot pursue our analysis through the volume from want of space. We can but select one more striking passage.

"We know," says Mme. de Challié, "that all the great minds which have broken the bonds of the Christian faith, find themselves nearer the Protestant line than to the Catholic, precisely because they see nothing in Protestantism which recalls the supernatural and religious element. They are often ignorant that the Reformation has only deprived religion of its supernatural element in consequence of the fact that it has intended and attempted to sacrifice to the religious element a portion of the natural facts which constitute the being of man, and that the Church, far more generous to our nature, maintains in *her* doctrine the value of the moral sense, of the free will and of the human act, even outside of faith in the revealed truths, although she refers to *grace* all the glory of our salvation."

We are not willing, however, to admit the position of Mme. Challié touching the *naturalness* of doubt without some limitation; for the spontaneous, unreflective acts of the human intellect are, as Balmez has clearly proved, accompanied with certainty.

3. **LE PAPE EN TOUS LES TEMPS**, et spécialement au XIXe Siècle. *Par le Docteur Don Juan Gonzalez*. Traduit de l'Espagnol, par le Comte Charles de Reynold-Chenvancy, Chev. des Ord. de St. Jean de Jerusalem, &c. Paris: Auguste Vaton. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 12mo. pp. 409.

THIS is one of the valuable tracts which we owe to the zeal and learning that flourish still in the Church of Spain. As a history of the action of the Popes, in the earlier centuries it is too brief to be entirely satisfactory, but the chapters touching the Pontificates of Pius VI and Pius VII, and exhibiting the relations of the Holy See with Napoleon, contain much valuable information which is not easily accessible elsewhere, and as a guide-book to European history as affected and controlled by the Sovereign Pontiffs, it will be found highly useful to the student.

4. **LES AVENTURES DE TELEMAQUE**, Fils d'Ulysse. *Par Fénelon*, Archevêque de Cambrai. New York: Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 393.

Is a work that we may well spare ourselves the trouble of saying anything about, except that it is very neatly printed, and as far as we can judge from turning over the leaves, *edited* with unusual care and accuracy by Prof. Surenné.

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5. **ALCOHOL AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN;** being a Popular Scientific Account of the Chemical History and Properties of Alcohol, and its leading effects upon the healthy human constitution. By *Edward L. Youmans*, author of the "Class-Book of Chemistry." New York: Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 127.

THIS tract is headed on the cover "Reading for the Million," but it is a sort of appeal to that million which no scientific man can admit to be wise or justifiable. It has a purpose which is unscientific, to wit, the advocacy of compulsory legislation upon the sale and use of ardent spirits; and science turned special pleader is always to be suspected. A scientific treatise, even a popular scientific treatise, should look only to the establishment or the statement of scientific truth in its own sphere; and the chemist, or physiologist, has no right to travel beyond chemistry or physiology into questions of criminal jurisprudence, which pertain to the judge and the legislator, and are to be decided on a larger basis of facts and principles than either chemistry or physiology can furnish. This procedure is open to still graver objections when this special pleading is addressed to the people, who, in their sovereign capacity, are called upon to restrict the liberty of some individuals, and to withdraw the protection of the law from others, in accordance with the views of such and such a *chemist*. This treatise is open to special objections, moreover. The theory of nutrition which it takes for granted, and of which the celebrated Liebig is the author, though extremely ingenious and beautiful, is only an hypothesis, and one that is not conceded by all scientific men. In applying it, moreover, the author proves too much, for if Alcohol is to be rejected because it does not contain the so-called nutritive principles by which the *waste* of the body is supplied, so should *fat, oils, sugar, &c.*, which yet form so large and so necessary a part of human food in various climates. The immense craving of man for substances which do not strictly nourish the body, and their consequent universal use by mankind, is a fact that has not been explained satisfactorily. Tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, are examples. The use of wine is the most ancient, the most wide-spread of all. It may not nourish (although that is not conceded), it may not assist the vital functions, it may interfere with them, it may even diminish the strength, and yet its undeniable property of producing exhilaration may be useful in human society, for reasons that chemistry and physiology cannot unfold. The argument that Alcohol is not a product of nature, but of *putrefaction*, is a pure sophism, as if the Almighty had not ordained the law by which Alcohol is produced out of sugar in the process of fermentation, leaving it to man's experience to determine to what uses the product can be turned.

6. **ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.** By *William B. Carpenter*, M. D. F. R. S. with a Preface by *D. F. Condie*, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 12mo. pp. 178.

MANY of the facts in the tract just noticed are drawn from this work of Dr. Carpenter's, the method of which is more strictly scientific, and the discussion more complete. The real scientific aim of establishing the effects of alcohol upon the human system in various states is pursued throughout and with success; nor need we observe that the practical conclusion is in favor of total abstinence as the *best* rule upon the whole for the happiness, the vigor, the immunity from disease and the longevity of those who practise it. The inductive argument against the *nutritive* capacity of Alcohol, drawn from its being the product of decomposition (p. 83), is not liable to the charge of sophistry, and the inference is doubtless correct.

7. **BOYS AT HOME.** By *C. Adams*, author of "Edgar Clifton," &c. Illustrated by *John Gilbert*. Appleton & Co.

ANOTHER nice Children's Book, very prettily illustrated. It belongs to the Edgeworth school of stories — natural religion, good natural morality, &c.; — and if it is not calculated to do a great deal of positive good, is not likely to do any positive harm to its youthful readers, and to our Protestant readers we can heartily commend it as infinitely preferable to the religious trash with which their Juvenile Literature is now flooded.

8. A NEW AND COMPLETE GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas Baldwin and J. Thomas, M. D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 8vo. pp. 1364.

THIS appears to be the most *complete* Gazetteer yet published in the United States, and as far as we can judge from an examination of the articles descriptive of localities with which we are acquainted, it is accurate. It necessarily follows, however, from the attempt to include a complete Gazetteer of the United States in one volume, even of nearly fourteen hundred pages, that the account of many places is too concise to be entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless, its value as a Post-office and travelling directory is immense, and renders it an indispensable book for merchants, publishers, tourists—indeed for every man who wants to be acquainted with the present condition, industry, and resources of the American confederacy. We observe one defect in point of information. All the old European gazetteers invariably mention in the statistics of a city, that it is (if such be the fact) a bishop's see. It is evident that this information ought not to be omitted, because it is a permanent peculiarity, which (in all ordinary cases) will belong to the place as long as it continues to be the abode of men, and perhaps even after war or barbarism shall have rendered it again desolate and uninhabited. We consider this omission, therefore, as a theoretical defect. One excellent feature in the Gazetteer is giving the pronunciation of the names of places which are either of foreign origin, or are otherwise irregularly pronounced. Another is the full and well-written accounts given of the States and the more important cities, accounts which are interesting even in a literary point of view. "To represent correctly the PRESENT condition of this vast Republic"—the most extensive civilized country, united in one dominion, under the sun—is the task that the Publishers have had proposed to them, and it must be confessed that they have *accomplished* it.

9. A GRAMMAR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE. By M. Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia. New York: Appleton & Co.

IS an excellent grammar, clear in arrangement, complete in analysis, and brings down the theory and use of the noble Spanish language to the latest date. The history of that language which is added, is concise and elegant, and we observe with pleasure the liberal and scholarly tone in which the author alludes to and vindicates the action of the Church in the "so-called Dark Ages," at the same time that the expression which he uses in regard to the character of the priesthood at that period, is far too sweeping, and needs correction. There was ignorance and corruption, no doubt, but it was mingled with learning never surpassed, and sanctity bright as the stars.

10. AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS: or a Peep at the World from a Garret. Being the Journal of a Happy Man. From the French of *Emile Souvestre*. Appleton & Co.

BELONGS to the natural-picturesque-sentimental school, the same to which *IK MARVEL* and *FANNY FERN* in this country appertain. The best thing in it is the really beautiful description (from the sentimental point of view) of the *Fête Dieu* in a country village of France. The translator, however, in explaining in a note the word "*Tabernacle*," should not have used a form of expression which, though strictly taken it does not imply anything unsound, wounds pious ears. The Sacred Blood, moreover, is never reserved in the tabernacle, and for the other sacred species there are many appellations which would neither compromise the translator's theological opinions, nor offend any of his readers.

11. HAND-BOOK OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By G. J. Adler, A. M., Professor of German Literature in the University of the City of New York. New York: Appleton & Co.

THE pieces included in this *Handbuch* are well-selected—Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Tieck's *Puss in Boots*, and the *Xenia* by Goethe and Schiller. There are very interesting critical introductions to each, by Professor Adler, an enthusiastic scholar of the Art-Literature school. We shall recur to the volume again, with the view of analyzing these exquisite works, and, therefore content ourselves at present with praising the critical taste of Professor Adler, displayed in the Introductions, and the beautiful typography of the whole.

12. GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH on the *Apostolic Nuncio*.

It has been said that English literature for the last three hundred years has been a vast conspiracy against truth, and certainly American literature and particularly our pretty, fashion-plated, story-filled magazines seem determined to have their share in that conspiracy. Witness the following which the editor of GRAHAM has the effrontery to insert in what he calls his "Monthly Summary."

"Monsignore Bedini, like an archiepiscopal Orestes, has, for some months, been haunted by the avenging furies of the poor priest, Ugo Bassi, of Bologna, put to death in 1849. Bedini's friends urge that Bologna was then under the martial law of Austria. But it is a fact that before Bassi was shot without trial, they unconsecrated him, that is, cut out the flesh of his hands, forehead, and head, which had received the touch of the chrism. Surely this skinning off the chrism was no soldier's fancy. The fusillade was theirs; but the flaying looks terribly like priests' work. At all events, this piebald democracy of ours howled vehemently after the Nuncio — pursued him with haro (*sic*) and hue and cry through all the great cities of our Union — through Cincinnati, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston — and even in those cities where he was not, they crowded angrily round the idea of him, and burnt him in effigy. All this is called disgraceful — like the doings of the London draymen in respect of Marshal Haynau. It may be so. Still, as no bones have been broken, we may allow that there is such a thing as wild justice, which may be forgiven by the milder orders of society. It seems to be part of the common law of this confederacy that no cruel agent or friend of any foreign tyrant can expect any courtesies or any hospitable treatment on the soil of this republic from the people."

Now in our character not merely of a Catholic editor, but of an American literary man, we take the liberty of telling Mr. Graham that the above paragraph contains not one but a series of wicked falsehoods, the malice of which is blunted only by a shallow ignorance and bigotry that would discredit the London Record itself. There is such a variety of shameful untruths in this brief paragraph as shows that the writer, if not a mere credulous simpleton, must be a master of the art of lying: — a harsh word, but when he has read our remarks through, he shall himself judge whether we are not at least justly provoked to use it.

First comes the fiction imaginative, which prepares the way for the belief of the horrors afterwards to be related, by styling the *Apostolic Nuncio* "an archiepiscopal Orestes, haunted by the avenging furies of the poor priest, Ugo Bassi," &c.; the poor priest having been taken in arms, as a captain of a band of robbers, the terror of Bologna, and shot as such by an Austrian military commission. Next, we have *suppressio veri*, in the circumstance admitted that the Nuncio's friends (i. e. the whole Catholic press of the U. S. and that of Italy), "urge that Bologna was under the martial law of Austria," as if that were *all* they urge, whereas the principal allegation of the friends of the Nuncio (see every Catholic paper in the country, and particularly the *Metropolitan* for January and February) is that Bassi was *NOT DEGRADED* before his death. Third, follows the direct untruth — "It is a *fact* that before Bassi was shot without trial (*untruth* circumstantial — for Bassi was tried by a court martial), they unconsecrated him, (*untruth* categorical — Bassi was *not* degraded), *THAT IS, CUT OUT THE FLESH* of his HANDS, FOREHEAD and HEAD, which had received the touch of the chrism:" (*untruth* by implication, and a gross calumny on the Catholic Church — for the ceremony of degradation involves no such cruelty, nor any thing remotely resembling it). Gavazzi's story was impudent enough, but this gratuitous invention of "cutting out the flesh" is so gross as to overreach itself, and the particular spirit from the world of eternal falsehood who whispered it to the editor of Graham, must have been a very inferior sort of demon, or else have entertained a contempt for the intellect of the readers of that magazine which we find it impossible to share. Flaying alive was bad enough without actually cutting up the victim. There is a superstitious rule or canon in the Catholic Church against priests' shedding blood, which, even had they no mercy, would have prevented the insertion of such a ceremony in the ritual, or the perpetration of such an act by a prelate. But thus ever a falsehood *grows as it goes*. Bassi was shot (a truth): being a priest, he should have been first degraded (a truth); — we are yet in the realm of reali-

ties, but (now it begins to be *narrated*) next, he *was* degraded (false, but immaterial); then, as in degradation the thumb and forefinger of each hand are lightly scraped by the officiating bishop ("pontifex leviter abradit"—a symbolical act, the physical reality of which would not hurt a new born babe), ergo, Bassi's were (false, but still immaterial); next—Gavazzi now gives the story a generous fillip—Bassi's *thumbs, fingers, his hands! his head!* had the skin scraped off—*peeled off*—he was *FLAYED* alive (falsehood with fiendish malice); lastly,—Graham's Magazine in its Monthly Summary must claim the credit of the last monstrous shape of the winged, foul-mouthed, and discordant calumny—"the *FLESH was cut out of his hands, FOREHEAD (new circumstance) and HEAD,*" while, with an ingenious "*that is,*" the inventor of these circumstances contrives to charge them not only on Monsignor Bedini, who, it is insinuated, executed the cruelty, but on the Church, one of whose ceremonies is affirmed to involve it.

But this calumny is so intensely stupid that we really incline to think that the editor of Graham, whoever he may be, was in good faith—such good faith as belongs to the crass ignorance of the uneducated English rustic, who, if he were told that the Pope ate a Protestant every morning for breakfast, would probably believe it. In the early ages it was believed by the Roman populace that the Christians celebrated cannibal banquets in secret, and something similar—"the flaying looks terribly like priests' work"—seems to be the idea of Mr. Graham's editor touching the Catholic clergy now. Mysterious law! which reproduces in the XIXth century and in the New World, the same relation between the Church and the surrounding Protestantism, which existed under the Cæsars between Christianity and the surrounding Paganism. If we persist in pointing out this identity, it is that we may cause our friends to reflect.

We have not done with Graham's Magazine yet, however. The misrepresentation of facts, with a horrid calumny of a most excellent individual and of the religion of the majority of Christendom, may proceed from ignorance, which is criminal indeed, and inexcusable on the part of a man who undertakes to write the "Monthly Summary" of a Magazine; but the sentiments with which this extraordinary paragraph concludes are necessarily the deliberate views of the writer. It is, then, the opinion of Graham's Magazine—one of the respectable literary monthlies of the United States—that it is "the common law" of our country that an individual, a foreigner, against whom no crime has been proved, if he happens to be denounced by a band of assassins and cut-throats fled from the justice of their own country, or by a renegade travelling ex-monk, animated with a furious hatred of the Church which he has deserted, may be pursued by mobs from city to city of our Union, burned in effigy, threatened with assassination, insulted, outraged and endangered as to his personal safety, and compelled to withdraw from our soil with precautions against violence and riot. If this be "the common law of this confederacy," it was surely not without a certain inspiration that the Sovereign Pontiff, addressing the President of the United States, as the Representative of their government and laws, begged him to take the Catholics of this country under his protection.

13. THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTION, near Baltimore, for the year 1853. By William H. Stokes. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Is noticed elsewhere. See *Maga's Own*.

14. We have also received Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 & 28 of DUNIGAN'S New Edition of HAYDOCK'S FAMILY BIBLE. No. 28 brings the work down to the 11th chapter of I. Machabees, and contains, by way of hint that the Old Testament will soon be complete, a very tasteful record table of "Births," the graceful vignette adorning it being sure, we opine, to win the approbation of every young mother to whom her husband may think fit to present a copy of this noble edition of the Holy Scriptures.

Maga's Own.

WE own to a sincere feeling of gratification at the cordial and at the same time indulgent appreciation with which *Maga's Own* has been received. Indeed *Maga* has been very well treated altogether, since she confided herself to our guidance, and she herself feels as much flattered as a new bride by the compliments she receives. There is, indeed, but one favor that she asks, which is, not to be judged hastily. While she neither courts nor shuns criticism, and would like to proceed as peacefully as may be, holding the even tenor of her conciliatory way, speaking the truth but in charity, meek and yet fearless, she feels it to be necessary to her development and her usefulness, to move *freely*, not watching every step she takes lest it should be condemned, not guarding every expression lest it should give offence. The same liberty which we claim for ourselves we concede, as far as we can, to our contributors. Some species of censorship an editor must exercise, in the interest of morals, of orthodoxy, if you please, of justice, decorum, of grammar even and the English language. There are some anomalies in style, quite prevalent it may be, which we cannot allow *Maga* to adopt, or give vogue to, and we use our pencil unhesitatingly to erase or alter them, when they occur in communications sent to her. But peculiarities of style, which may not be exactly to our taste, or of thought which may not square precisely with our opinion, we do not pretend to retrench. Where a certain rudeness of construction is characteristic of a writer, who has vigor and clearness of thought, we leave it untouched, as we do his honest opinions and independent, fearless expressions. And of course the critics are just as free to find fault, if they like. 'Tis a free country anyhow, and we are all American citizens, and if "a cat may look at a king," as the phrase is, much more may a free-born Yankee, even with Celtic blood in his veins, look in the face of that great autocrat, the Press. For the children of the Celts, if born this side the water, and their fathers too, if they've been duly "made natives of," ought to be deemed and taken as part of the universal Yankee nation. We often amuse ourselves with thinking of the internal transformation which that same Yankeeedom is thus insensibly undergoing, and how it will wonder at itself one day on discovering that it has become a great Catholic land, when from Plymouth Rock to the golden sands of California, cross after cross shall daily catch the rays of the westering sun, and every instant a new one shall be bathed in their swift, luminous march along our mighty parallels of latitude!

A FRIENDLY, a clear-spoken and always welcome voice from across our Northern frontier "trusts that we are mistaken in attributing to him (the editor of the *Metropolitan*) some little prejudices against Dr. Brownson, who has rendered greater services to the cause of the Church than any lay writer of the present day." It pleases us and *Maga* too, to seize this opportunity of removing at once a misapprehension which others no less friendly to both, seem to have entertained. We owe Mr. Brownson too many and too deep intellectual and spiritual obligations to harbor any prejudices against him. Not a line, not a word, have we ever penned that was intended to diminish in aught his just and enviable fame—quite the contrary of this, if the truth were known, has been the real case. It is true that we made merry with his ontology, rendering at the same time our cordial homage to the brilliant talent which he had displayed in its defence, but surely it is possible to differ with a philosopher on a point of metaphysics, whether wisely or foolishly (as most of our cotemporaries evidently think), without ceasing to admire, to honor and to love him. As for the idea which a youthful co-aspirant with us in the editorial race suggested, we believe without considering it carefully, that the illustrious Reviewer's former criticisms on our works had prompted the course which *Maga* felt obliged to pursue in regard to a certain position recently taken by the Review, in the first place, *Maga* listened in that affair to a voice more entitled to speak than ours, and in the second, the *Editor of the METROPOLITAN* knows nothing of the injuries (if they were injuries) of the Author of *ALBAN*.

"THE CATHOLIC" of Pittsburg in a short but pithy article applies to the writer of the Prize Essay on Catholic Literature the apothegm, *Medice cura teipsum!* with reference to his remarks on the classic purity of style of a celebrated and standard work by an American prelate. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the Prize articles, and considering that JOHN G. SHEA's work on the Exploration of the Mississippi has received the longest, most respectful and most flattering notice from the London Literary Press that any American book has for a long time obtained, and that he is acknowledged to be one of the most accurate and patient historical investigators in the country, (though he errs extremely in his too partial estimate of our own productions in his present number), we did not feel ourselves called upon to re-write his essay for him: which essay, if it manifests a Doric plainness here and there, has also rare beauty in passages — the beauty of simplicity in expression united to force of thought. Shea is a careless writer, no doubt; his style is as rough sometimes, as a corduroy road, but that road lies through a wild, rich, fertile country full of promise to the hardy cultivator. We will stake our literary reputation that no literary man by profession could read his two papers without being struck by them, while it should in fairness be stated that the original essay which obtained the prize, was unfortunately lost, and that the author was obliged to supply it from memory as well as he could.

And, dear me! talk of criticising people's style as deficient in elegance or perspicuity! Maga, with a malicious air, would like to know *whose* style is not capable of being shown up. Dr. Cahill ridicules Mr. Northcote for saying, in virtue of a slight slip, that "the month of February is shorter than usual this year." There lies on our table at this moment a communication from a learned Doctor of Divinity (itself far from faultless) pointing out some grammatical inaccuracies in Mr. Brownson, who is one of the greatest living masters of clear idiomatic English. Possibly even the Pittsburg Catholic might tremble a little if the eye of some ruthless critic were turned upon it. Will the editor, for instance, vouchsafe to expound to Maga the following, which is the second sentence of his leading editorial in this very number wherein he pounces down on our friend Shea?

"On subjects of internal policy he (General Cass) is mostly always correct for exalted and patriotic views, and a manly and fearless expression of them, no American deserves better of his country;" &c.

We suppose that there ought to be a colon or semicolon after "correct," which would render the above intelligible, but would it even then be "classic?" Or let the editor parse the third sentence in his next article —

"The Czar very likely never expected that, to obtain his demands, recourse would be had to the sword."

Nothing more "clear" than that, according to all the rules of grammar, "would" agrees with the Czar's enemies; and pray, what is meant by "their obtaining his demands?" The writer meant, no doubt, to say that "the Czar never expected that, to obtain his demands, he *would be obliged to have recourse to the sword*," or "that, to obtain his demands, recourse *must* be had to the sword;" but he has not said it. And we would engage to pick out a dozen more sentences open to criticism, in these two articles alone, of the current number, only that Maga affectionately shakes her head, and says, "No, it's too bad; and I *like* the articles, for they express exactly what you and I think on the greatest points, almost, now at issue." — "Oh, very well," we reply, "we were only going to show the Pittsburg Catholic, dear Maga, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

While we are on the subject of criticism as against ourselves, or rather against our contributors, we cannot help alluding to the lecture given us by the "Western Tablet." Chicago is a great way off, and so Mr. Linton has not heard yet, we presume, that the articles on the Power of the Popes in the February and March numbers of the Metropolitan, proceed from one of the most eminent prelates in the American Hierarchy: the special charge of presumption, therefore, which he brings against us for having written

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them, falls to the ground; but as regards his general accusation, founded on our first number, but which he apparently sees no reason yet for withdrawing, that "our aim seems to be self-glorification and our predominant virtue *pride*," we own with compunction that it is but too well founded; our conscience often reproaches us with the same thing; and we thank our young editorial brother for thus faithfully re-echoing its warning voice. We confess that it is a sort of favor for which men in general, and particularly editors, seldom evince much gratitude.

A FRIEND — one of those wise men who know the truth of the saying *dulce est desipere in loco*, — narrated to us the following: — A tiny little girl had a Protestant mother and a Catholic aunt. Mamma and aunty were always disputing about religion, of course, to the great confusion of the small personage's ideas, till one day the short-skirted innocence, tottling over the floor, seeing that human authority and human reason would never terminate this great difference, demanded in her broken treble —

"Say, Aunty! is Dod a Tatholit?"

AUNTY (taken aback, and smiling). — "Yes, my dear, Dod is a Tatholit."

INNOCENZA (with fervor). "Oh! den, Ma! if Dod is a Tatholit, *we ALL ought to be Tatholits!*"

What became of "Ma," is not related in the story.

"GENTLE WORDS" is sweet and flowing, but not quite up to the mark. Yet it has stanzas we would not willingly lose. Is not the following as good as most of Watts?

"Harsh words were never known to bring

To earthly minds content,

Or soften o'er the slightest sting

Or still the heart's lament."

Still better is the following —

"The old and aged bent with years

Will smile at gentle words,

And sweeter they to childish ears

Than melody of birds.

* * *

"The lip uncast in beauty's mould,

Though smiles rest seldom there,

If all it speaks is gently told,

Has beauty far more rare."

Our correspondent, who is doubtless fair and young, has poetry in her soul and simplicity too, poetry's best handmaiden: let her not be discouraged.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS of Connecticut propose to hold a convention in New London, in May, for "the more effectual association and fellowship of the Congregational Churches" of that State, with a special view, it is understood, to check the ravages of heresy and neology among themselves. The "Protestant Churchman," speaking of the movement, says, —

"The evils of the Congregational polity have at last become so apparent that it is not at all surprising to find an effort made to remedy them. Such are the tendencies to error, and the inclination of all isolated communities to continue and increase any departure from truth, that the Congregational system, from the very nature of the case, must eventuate in the largest differences of opinion and doctrine. The prime advantage of association consists in the correction of casual error in individuals, through the influence of the main body. This is an important check to heresy, flowing from combination — or what we, as Episcopalians, would call the unity of the Church. *Whenever this unity is sacrificed in form or substance, the strongest safeguard of purity of doctrine and the quality most essential to stability is abandoned:* local causes, and individual peculiarities are left in full sway, — those who, if they had an appeal to the great body of the Church, would resist, succumb to the arguments or the personal influence of their

pastor, and finally whole congregations are irrecoverably led away into fatal error. Then the evil spreads—there is no principle of organization to afford an efficient remedy—and the isolated individual organisms take each their own way until, warned by a shipwreck here and there, of the dangers into which they are fast running, they begin to retrace their course, and think seriously of mutual consultation and assistance."

We should not be surprised if the Protestant Churchman itself were at length to turn its penetrating glance *inward*, and remark in *itself* that "inclination of all isolated communities to continue and increase any departure from truth," which it discerns so clearly in its Congregational brethren, and, advised in time, as all the world besides sees plain enough, that it is in the same sinking boat, take refuge in the "bark" where "what they as Episcopalians call the unity of the Church" is sacrificed neither "in form nor in substance," and constitutes not only "the strongest" but a *complete* "safeguard of purity of doctrine." In fine, "The Protestant Churchman" here endorses the whole Churchly principle of faith—"Churchianity" in all its bearings: for if the Bible alone, interpreted by private judgment, does not prevent pious but "isolated individual organisms" from taking "each their own way to shipwreck," and if "a principle of organization is the only efficient remedy," and "an appeal to the great body of the Church," then, *practically speaking*, Church authority is the only test of orthodoxy, and we need not tell our logical friend *where* that conclusion lands him. If, merely for want of this "important check to heresy, flowing from combination, whole congregations are irrecoverably led away into fatal error," in spite of the Bible and their pretended diligence in reading it, why may not whole Churches? And in short, where can he stop, logically, in this ascending and widening series, till he arrives at a *unity*, embracing universal Christendom in its *principle* of combination, and preserved from error by an infallible promise of God?

OUR PRESBYTERIAN friends are standing, with every rag of canvas they have left spread out, on the *other* tack. They'll make more leeway than headway, in our humble opinion.

"Romanism," says the Presbyterian, (a highly respectable old-school paper), "is an exotic in the United States. It has not one principle in sympathy with American Institutions. Its priesthood is of foreign birth; its ceremonies are the opposite of simplicity; its spirit is essentially intolerant; its aim is to extend the dominion of a foreign prince, and in all its features it is thoroughly anti-American. When young women so far forget themselves as to enter nunneries, one of the first acts is to discard their American for foreign names. Thus Miss Mary Ann Spain becomes Sister Mary Stanislaus; Miss Margaret Furlong becomes Sister Mary Aloysius, and Miss Maria Read is henceforth known as Sister Mary Bernard Xavier."

"Romanism" is a corrupt word, gentlemen:—if you will prove us exotics, at least do it in good English. How can Catholicism (which is what you mean) be an exotic in the United States, six of which States—Maryland, Louisiana, Missouri, Florida, Texas and California—it originally founded? Or does the fact of Anglo-Saxon immigration and United States acquisition turn the original settlers into exotics? If "Romanism" is an exotic elsewhere in the United States, surely it is not an exotic on the Mississippi which it discovered, on the Potomac which it first colonized, on the Penobscot and the Mohawk which it hallowed with its martyr blood, at St. Augustine, the oldest town in the Republic, which it founded, at St. Francisco where it built churches that excite the wonder of the pilgrims of gold from our Atlantic cities. In what parts of our immense territory is Catholicism an *exotic*? If it "has not one principle in sympathy with American Institutions," what kind of institutions can those be with which a religion that believes in a God, in Redemption, in the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, in the love of God and Man, in the nothingness of life and a judgment after death, has *no principle in sympathy*? We think better of American institutions than our cotemporary, and beg to know, if the fact be as he states, how it happens that "Romanists" are the only class of citizens, North or South, who can be thoroughly relied on to sustain our institutions? That our "priesthood is of foreign birth" is simply untrue. Why not say "its *lalty* is of foreign birth?" for the proportion of

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native and foreign in the clergy and laity is almost exactly the same. If it be an un-American sentiment to taunt the Catholic laity with the origin of the majority of their number, and we are sure our excellent friends would not be guilty of it, why is it less un-American to taunt the Catholic clergy with the same thing? Our "ceremonies are the reverse of simplicity." So to an uninstructed eye is a steam-engine — to a scientific eye the very marvel of simplicity. Simplicity is the adaptation of means to the end, and if the Presbyterian were once instructed in the end of our ceremonies, our life for it he would regard them as simplicity itself. That "its spirit is essentially intolerant" we cannot deny, since that is a characteristic of truth, and was of Presbyterianism, so long as Presbyterianism believed in itself; but that "its aim is to extend the dominion of a foreign prince" is another simple untruth, (our friends must pardon us for saying) unless they mean Jesus Christ, who according to the flesh was a Jew and, therefore, is happily considered a foreigner in "Anglo-Saxondom." For our part, we beg to say to our Presbyterian friends that in religion we know neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither foreigner nor native, but consider all as one in Christ Jesus, who has broken down these walls of partition and united the world in one spiritual empire, wherein languages and nationalities disappear before the unity of faith. And if our sisters and daughters, "when they so far forget themselves" (not so ill-chosen a phrase) "as to enter the nunneries," forget also the names they bore in the world, and assume those of the citizens of HEAVEN — the saints, without distinction of race or country, it is not with a view to make themselves thereby Spaniards or Italians or French (as our friends innocently suppose) but to signify that henceforth *their* citizenship — their *πατρίδα* — is in Heaven, where those glorious patrons are enjoying the delights of the true country: — our friends are too good scholars, and too well acquainted with the Greek Testament, not to appreciate the allusion.

WE RECENTLY paid a visit to the Mount Hope Institution for the Insane, near this city, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and were, we need scarcely say, highly gratified. The moral treatment pursued here is full of wisdom and gentleness. A particularly laudable feature is the absence of visible restraint — no high walls, no gratings, nothing to suggest the idea of confinement or set the imagination at work on plans of escape. Hence elopements, as the Report of the last year observes, seldom or never occur. The male patients take long strolls, in companies of fifteen or twenty, with an attendant of course, in the surrounding country. We met such a party on the occasion of our visit, and should never, without being told, have suspected its character. "Among the moral appliances," as the Report before mentioned happily says, "*fresh air* occupies a position of transcendent interest." Employment, recreation and the soothing power of religious faith, and the inspiring, cheerful, regular (above all) and ritual worship of the house, contribute to restore the equilibrium of the soul. This noble institution is self-supporting, but it is very desirable that the rich and charitable should contribute to establish free beds, that the excellent Sisters may be able to extend its benefits to a greater number of that class of these unfortunate beings whose friends are unable to pay any thing; for although many such are always supported by the Sisters themselves, their means are far from being equal to the necessity that exists, as one may well suppose. So Maga ends this month with an act of charity towards those in whom the divine ray of reason flickers like an expiring lamp, which it is needful to place in a pure, still air, and to shelter by some loving hand.

Record of Events.

From February 15, to March 18, 1854.

I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE leading idea of the month is, on the one hand, the persecution of the Church by the secular power throughout the world, and on the other, the majestic progress which she makes, and the bold attitude she assumes, at every point where she is assailed.

ROME: 1. *Secular affairs of the Pontifical States.*—2. *The cause of the Ven. Benedict Joseph Labre.*—3. *Ceremonies.*—4. *Favors to England.*—5. *Reply to the "Word of the Greco-Russ Orthodoxy."*—6. *Political Investigations.*

1. Considerable financial embarrassment still existed, owing partly to a misunderstanding between Mr. Rothschild and the Pontifical government, which prevented the payment of the last instalments of a loan contracted by that banker with the treasury. The withdrawal and burning of the paper money with which the Reds saddled the country, was consequently checked, and owing to the fact that the government had commenced by withdrawing the small notes, great difficulty was experienced for a time in retail transactions from want of change. However it has been partially remedied by a wise decree, forbidding the brokers to exact a premium on copper. In the meantime the custom house revenue shows a steady increase on former years.

2. On the 10th Jan., the examination of three miraculous cures wrought through the intercession of the Ven. Benedict Joseph Labre was proposed in the Congregation of Sacred Rites. This great servant of God was born at Ameltes, in France, in 1748. His life by a special impulse of God, was spent in making pilgrimages on foot and in poverty to the most celebrated sanctuaries of Europe. Afterwards, remaining in Rome, the extreme severity of his life cut it short at the early age of thirty-five.

3. On the 18th of the same month, the Feast of the translation of the Chair of Peter from Antioch to Rome was celebrated at St. Peter's with the usual solemnity. After mass and a Latin sermon, the Pope gave his solemn benediction from the throne beneath the bronze chair, believed to enclose that of wood actually used by St. Peter. After the function, the Pontiff visited the monument of Gregory XVI, just exposed and partly finished. The scene at this moment presented by the living actors, might, says a writer, have formed a good subject for art. Pius IX, surrounded by Cardinals and other attendants, stood immediately before the new mausoleum of his predecessor; a wide semi-circle was formed by the Swiss Guards, inclosing the stately group, while beyond crowded, as near as etiquette allowed, a multitude of spectators, dividing their attention between the silent sculptured works and the person of His Holiness.

The ceremony of blessing the lambs, of whose wool the *pallia* are made, to be sent by the Pope to the Archbishops and Patriarchs, took place this year at the ancient church of St. Agnes outside the walls. On the Sunday within the octave of St. Antony, an immense crowd assembled in the piazza of St. Mary Maggiore, to witness the gay ceremony of the benediction of horses and mules, which takes place every day during the octave, at the little church of St. Eligio. The weather was charming, and the scene highly animated and picturesque.

On Sunday, Feb. 5, the festival of St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr, was celebrated by the superiors and students of the Irish College with special solemnity. Their beautiful

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Collegiate Church, on the Quirinal, is dedicated to the saint, and is called *Sta. Agatha de' Goti*, from its having been in possession of the Arian Goths during their domination in Rome. It was bestowed on the Irish College by Gregory XVI, during the presidency of Dr. CULLEN, the present Archbishop of Dublin. In this church, near the high altar, is preserved the heart of the illustrious Liberator of Ireland. The church, on this occasion, was richly draped from roof to pavement with purple and gold, and the transept arches filled with banners bearing the arms of its Titular, Cardinal Antonelli. High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Comete, Bp. of Nicomedia, assisted by the Rev. MM. Power and O'Donnell, of Dublin, as deacon and subdeacon. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kane, Bp. of Ross, and Mgr. Bedini, Bp. of Terracina, were present, with a large assemblage of clergy, and most of the Irish, English and Americans residing in Rome. The Rev. Dr. Moran, a Superior of the College, pronounced the panegyric, which was his maiden effort. In the evening, the V. R. Dr. Kirby, Rector of the College, entertained a numerous and distinguished company at dinner, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Manning and Dr. Ives.

Nor should we forget among the important ceremonies at Rome, of which the particulars have come to hand since our last date, the celebration of Pontifical High Mass in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, at the Papal Altar in the Basilica of St. Peter, on the feast of the Purification, Feb. 2. The bull authorizing the Cardinal to celebrate, was fixed, as usual, to one of the columns of the famous bronze canopy over the altar, at which, without such solemn and formal authorization, no one but the Pope himself ever celebrates. The Rt. Rev. Abbot of Mt. St. Bernard's assisted at the ceremony of blessing the candles, in cope and mitre, and during the Mass in his religious dress as Abbot.

4. The Holy Father has granted to the Abbot, who has now returned to England, many singular favors — among these a *Plenaria Indulgentia quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctis* for his Abbey church, besides the right of a privileged altar four times a week to the Abbot personally. The Rev. (late Archdeacon) H. E. Manning has been made a Doctor of Divinity by the Holy Father.

5. A powerfully written and conclusive article has appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* in reply to a brochure styled *Parole de l'Orthodoxie Catholique au Catholicisme Romain*.

6. Jan. 24. A preparatory investigation into the secret plans of the insurrectionists, extending from August, 1847, to August, 1853, has just terminated, and a definitive trial is soon to come on. The autograph of Mazzini has been found in not fewer than three MS. instructions seized at the last date.

SARDINIA: The State still at war with the Church.

The Bishops and Vicars-General Capitular of Turin, Genoa and Vercelli (except the Bishop of Novara who is absent) have addressed the King, protesting their loyalty, demanding protection against the faction which outrages them by its writings, and remonstrating against certain circulars issued by the government itself, particularly one which deprives the beneficed clergy of certain augmentations of revenue, received in compensation for ecclesiastical property in the hands of the State. More recent accounts state that the irritation between the Civil Government and the Church goes on increasing every day, and that the new project of law relative to public instruction is looked for with great anxiety. The negotiations with Rome for a concordat, are no longer spoken of since the publication of the Pope's last encyclical letter.

GERMANY: 1. The Upper Rhine. — 2. Increase of Immorality in the Protestant States.

1. Serious apprehensions are entertained lest Bavaria should take sides with the governments of Nassau and Baden in their conflict with the Church. Grave difficulties already exist between the government of Bavaria and the Bishops of that country. Meanwhile the government of Nassau has forbidden the erection of a Capuchin convent in its states. In Baden things remain *statu quo*. But the Pope has addressed (Jan. 9), a brief of encouragement and congratulation to Mgr. Vicari, and both addresses and pecuniary offerings continue to pour in from the surrounding Catholic countries, especially Switzerland and France. The Cardinal-Primate of Hungary and the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna have both published acts of sympathy with Mgr. Vicari.

2. The frightful progress of immorality in Protestant Germany has at length arrested the attention even of the Protestants themselves. The utter abandonment of the churches and of divine worship, the desecration of Sunday by labor and dissipation, the constantly increasing ratio of illegitimate births (so that in one place two-thirds of the families had only illegitimate children) intimate the entire absence of restraint by any supernatural law.

FRANCE: 1. Closing of the College of St. Michel. — 2. Education. — 3. Sunday. — 4. Death of Lamennais.

1. The abrupt closing of the Jesuit College of St. Michel, near St. Etienne, by order of the Imperial government, has caused deep feeling. The motive assigned is that the

college was a "nest of legitimists." It would appear that the students insulted some plaster busts of the Emperor, and that this circumstance was carried to the authorities by a *maître d'études* who had been dismissed for bad conduct. Father Ravignan had had an audience of the Emperor, who is understood to have given assurances of his protection and of justice to the colleges, but the college, by our last advices, has not been restored.

2. The question of education is being solved in a practical sense by the establishment of colleges and schools under the direction of the clergy, which now number 37,000 élèves, and by the reform of the courses and books in the University and schools of the state, numbering 87,000 pupils.

At the same time certain difficulties have occurred even in France between the Church and the Government on the subject of Education. One of these touches the right of visitation claimed by the latter in respect to the convent schools for young girls, and although the utmost delicacy has been used towards the Bishops, the claim to enter cloisters in the name of the State, is not suffered to pass without a protest, respectful but animated and firm.

3. Another point to which the zeal of the Church is turned since her comparative emancipation by Napoleon III, is the better observance of Sunday, the boundless desecration of which has been the opprobrium of France for so many years. The pious "*Œuvre du Repos du Dimanche*" or Association for promoting the Sunday Rest, is unwearied in its efforts and accomplishes many important results.

4. Lamennais, the celebrated author of the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" and of the "*Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*," died in Paris, Monday, Feb. 27, at the age of 70. He refused to the last to conform to the duties of religion. His former friend and controversial opponent, Father Ventura, sought in vain to get access to him. His Socialist and Infidel friends surrounded the dying excommunicate priest, and used every effort as well to prevent a change in his sentiments, as to exclude those pious persons who would have endeavored to visit him from a motive of charity. Thus the contest of the devil for this unfortunate soul became, as it were, visible to the eye. He forbade any religious ceremony at his funeral, so he was "buried like a dog," (says a letter from Paris), in unconsecrated ground, and without a prayer, in Pere la Chaise, being followed to the grave by a considerable number of Communists and Unbelievers. The whole Christian world remains shocked, and is aghast at such a termination of this fearful career—at this consistent perseverance in that "*superbia satanica*" which the Pope in condemning Lamennais so severely reproved. The numbers who did not cease to pour forth prayers for him to the last, catch at the rumor that he was desirous before he died to see a priest, but that the Infidels about him kept guard to prevent his desire becoming known; and trusting that it may have been so, ponder the possibility and likelihood of such a man eliciting an act of perfect contrition in that supreme hour and desperate situation.

SPAIN: 1. Precarious Political Situation.—Attempt to appreciate it.

This country appears to be on the eve of great changes. The court evidently meditates making itself absolute, by repeating the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. Two generals—Concha and O'Donnell—have been banished. The liberal party (so-called) is said to be plotting the anti-national scheme of a union of the Peninsula under the young king of Portugal; while the peasantry and many in the higher classes, faithful to religion, however (as we suspect), rather than to the male line merely, or to a fanaticism for the Salique law, are almost universally Carlists. The cause of the Count de Montemolin is identified in the minds of the Spaniards with the Church; that of the constitutional Queen with the infidels and plunderers of ecclesiastical property. It may be said, indeed, with perfect truth, that any government in Europe which would adopt, at this moment, the policy of giving entire liberty and doing full justice to the Church, would give itself a long and sure lease of power.

Since the above was in type, the news has reached us of an attempted insurrection at Saragossa, in the interest (as is supposed) of the banished generals, and the energetic suppression of which by the government has been followed by the proclamation of martial law through all Spain.

HOLY LAND: Persecution of the Patriarch.

A number of Greeks, having bribed the Turkish authorities not to interfere, prior to Christmas, assaulted the Patriarch, Mgr. de Valerga. The object was to prevent the erection of a new Latin Church at a place called Beit-Djallah. Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers (the French Ambassador) had complained to the Porte; but the fêtes of the Nativity passed in sadness at Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The patriarch was obliged to take refuge from the violence of the Greeks in the hut of an Arab.

INDIA: 1. Convent opened.—2. Catholic Chaplains.

1. A new and beautiful convent was solemnly opened at Bankipore, Patna, on the 6th of November.

2. At Benares the Catholic soldiers are equal in number to the Protestant, and although the latter have a chaplain who receives 700 rupees a month, the Bengal government has a second time refused to grant the most trifling pittance to the Catholic chaplain. When such things are done, can it be wondered that men are saying on the eve of a general war, that "A Protestant government's difficulty is a Catholic people's opportunity?" People may call that an ungenerous sentiment, but generosity in such a case is mere moonshine. It is necessary first to be just to the souls of so many thousands of poor soldiers and sailors, whom a bigoted government consigns (as far as lies in its power) to eternal perdition.

ENGLAND: 1. *Model Lodging-Houses.*—Dr. Cahill and the Rambler.—3. *Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral.*—4. *The Quarant' Ore in London.*—5. *Mr. Chambers' Motion.*

1. In London a project is on foot to build model lodging-houses for the Catholic poor. The object is not so much to promote their mere physical health and comfort (though that alone would be a sufficient motive) as to rescue them from the horrible moral contamination to which they are exposed in the low lodging-houses of that city, and of which no fancy can form an adequate picture. MATHEW in his remarkable work does justice to their virtues in contrast with the worse than Pagan degradation around them, yet how, ask charitable Catholics, and say the experienced London missionaries,—how is it possible to be immersed in that filth and not be defiled? The Irish names in the police reports, and the national accent of Erin that seemed privileged never to be heard on female lips unless they were the lips of purity, now heard on the midnight pavement of London and in the haunts of sin, give a painful and too convincing answer. Misery is like the miasma of Asiatic cholera; when it visits the healthy and pure localities of a Catholic country, it produces no more harm to the soul than the latter does to the body in pure mountain districts; but let it come to the poisoned and fetid regions, where vice and unbelief form a worse atmosphere, than the reeking cess-pools and heaps of fermenting garbage make in those crowded courts and alleys, and it acts as a deadly moral pestilence. Those whose bodies would have died in Ireland, in London lose the life of grace, under the same pressure of distress. It is consoling to know that the problem of meeting this terrible evil is taken up, and that it will be solved by an enlightened and persevering charity.

2. A disedifying controversy has been begun and closed (as we hope) in England, between the Rev. Dr. Cahill on one side and the "Rambler" on the other. It began with a very severe critique in the latter magazine on Dr. C.'s recent letter on Transubstantiation, attacking its spirit, logic and theology—the latter, certainly, on very insufficient and mistaken grounds. Dr. C. replied in two long and somewhat acrimonious letters in the Standard and Tablet, bringing accusations against the honesty and truth of the editor of the Rambler, which Mr. Northcote had no difficulty in showing to be unfounded. There the matter rests, both parties, as the Tablet remarks, having evinced great talent, and we may add, not a little temper; and we gladly dismiss the topic, an attempt at the full appreciation of which would occupy more space than we can afford, or than its importance warrants. These personal controversies between Catholics, all sincerely devoted to the faith, and especially with evident *misunderstandings* on both sides, though deeply to be regretted, are not to be treated as fatal or permanent lesions of charity. When the atmosphere has given up, in lightning, thunder and rain, all the electricity and heavy wet with which it was charged, it will clear up, and we shall have finer weather and more "enjoyable" (as the English say), than before the storm.

3. Cardinal Wiseman, in his Lenten Indult or Pastoral, dated "out of the Flaminian Gate" at Rome,—as it would be deemed contrary to usage and ecclesiastical propriety for any but the Chief Bishop to date his acts of authority from Rome itself,—speaks of his not being likely to return to England before a considerable portion of the penitential season shall have elapsed. This shows how much truth there is in the report that His Eminence was going to take up his abode permanently in Rome. The pastoral, which we observe is addressed to the faithful of the "Diocese" of Westminster, (not the *arch-diocese*), is one of great beauty. After speaking of the consolation which he derives from his journey to the Tomb of the Apostles and his vicinity to the throne of the Vicar of Christ, he exhorts them to avail themselves of the benefits of the season, in view of the chastisements of famine, war and pestilence, impending over their country; His Eminence deplores the evils of war, directs the collect for peace to be recited at every Mass and benediction during Lent, and that as soon as war shall be declared, in the Prayer for the Queen after Mass on Sundays, the clause *hostes superare*, "that she may conquer her enemies," shall be inserted, which has been omitted, observes the Cardinal Archbishop, for forty years.

4. On Quinquagesima Sunday, the devotion of the *Quarant' Ore* or Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, began at the church of our Immaculate Lady of Victories, Clapham, and will be continued in the various churches of the diocese of Westminster and that of Southwark, until Easter.

5. In the House of Commons, Tuesday, March 1, Mr. T. Chambers moved for a select committee to inquire into the number and rate of increase of conventual and monastic institutions in the United Kingdom, and to consider whether any, and if any, what further legislation was required on the subject. This motion produced a long and exciting debate, in which the question of the Nunneries' inspection came up, and as always happens in such cases, a strong light was thrown, even by Protestant speakers, upon the virtues of the Nuns and Religious, and the high utility of conventual institutions even in the secular point of view. The government opposed the motion, but the House dividing, the motion was carried, by a majority of 186 ayes over 119 noes.

SCOTLAND: 1. *St. Mungo's, Glasgow.* — 2. *Dumbarton Schools.*

1. On Sunday, Jan. 22, in Glasgow, at his titular church, the feast of St. Mungo, the great patron and founder of that city, was solemnly observed for the first time since the Reformation. The Rt. Rev. Dr. SMITH celebrated Pontifical High Mass, assisted by a numerous clergy. The sanctuary was elegantly adorned, the music exquisite, and magnificent vestments and plate, recently presented, added lustre to the scene.

2. At Dumbarton, a noble edifice for St. Patrick's Schools is nearly complete, with a chapel, and has been opened for scholars. The grand and massive doorway is said to be much admired, and the whole building, the finest of the description in Dumbarton, to be in perfect taste, as well as of a solid and substantial character.

IRELAND: 1. *Catholic University.* — 2. *New Bishop of Kerry.* — 3. *The Quarant' Ore in Dublin.* — 4. *Receptions of the Veil.* — 5. *Churches and Convents.* — 6. *Obituary.*

1. The Very Rev. Dr. Newman has at last really taken up his residence in Dublin with a view to the opening of the Catholic University. It is confidently said that he is to be made a bishop *in partibus*, which honor, or some other mark of its esteem and confidence, the Holy See has long desired to bestow upon the illustrious and venerable convert. In connection with this subject we may mention, on the authority of the Boston Pilot, that the Very Rev. Dr. Newman has addressed a letter to Mr. Brownson, in which the latter is offered a distinguished position in the new University. The appointment will not oblige Dr. Brownson to be absent for any long time from this country, nor will it interfere with the Review. The approximation of these two great men must be regarded with a deep interest by all those who have long admired them both.

2. The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, President of All-Hallows College, is appointed Co-adjutor to the Bishop of Kerry.

3. As in London, so in the capital of Ireland, the Lenten season has been inaugurated (Thursday, March 2), by the opening of the Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, which is to continue in different churches in Dublin and the diocese, till summer at least. In Dublin the devotion was opened by His Grace the Archbishop, who sung High Mass, at the church of the Conception, Marlborough street. "After Mass," says the Tablet, "the procession, in which the Archbishop bore the sacred Host in an ostensory of extraordinary size and magnificence, under a canopy of cloth of silver, passed through the aisles to the outside of the church, and then entered by the great front door. As it proceeded up the nave to the high altar, where numberless wax lights already burned brilliantly, waiting the arrival of the Most Holy, and while the sweet strains of the 'Tantum Ergo' were pouring forth from choir and organ, there was a majesty, a heavenly grandeur in the scene that expressed more forcibly than any language could, the sublime sentiments of veneration and love which are called forth by Catholic faith in regard and in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Throughout the day the church was crowded by devout adorers, and until the hour arrived for closing the church doors at night there was not an instance in which it did not present the edifying spectacle of a vast congregation hushed in silent prayer."

4. *Taking the Veil.*

Thursday, Feb. 9. Convent of Mercy, Castlebar, Mayo. Miss Madden, daughter of Mr. Michael Madden of Westport; Miss Geogheghan, of Monte; and Miss Morris, Co. Galway, a niece of Earl Stirling. — Miss Maria Griffin, daughter of Gerald Griffin, Esq., of Corkrag, County Limerick, has been received into the Convent of Mercy, Peter's Cell, Limerick. — Thursday, Mar. 2, at the Ursuline Convent, Cork, Miss Ann Cruise, Dublin, Miss Teresa Collaghan, Middleton, and Miss Ellen Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq., of Deansfield, County of Dublin; were received by the Rt. Rev. Dr. DELANY. — Thursday, Feb. 23, at the Middleton Convent, Miss Frances Molony, daughter of the late John Molony, Esq., of Rosscarbery, was professed.

5. *Churches and Convents.*

At Ballina, Mayo, the new chapel is to be completed by erecting a spire, with a handsome clock: £1,000 have been raised. — At Ballinrobe, the same contractor, Mr. Egan, has undertaken to complete the Convent of Mercy for £2,000. The M. Rev. Dr. Mc-

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Hale advanced £500 towards it. The building is already covered in and glazed. — At Ennis, Limerick, a subscription has been raised to build a chapel for the Franciscan Convent. — In Dublin, measures have been taken to complete forthwith the new Church of St. Catherine, Meath street, which, when finished, will be one of the ecclesiological and architectural illustrations of Ireland.

6. Irish Obituary.

Jan. 30. The V. R. P. DONEGAN, P. P. of Drumlane, by whom the new Church at Drumlane was erected at his own expense (for £3,000). Jan. 29, at Ferns, the Rev. PETER MURPHY, C. C., aged 34. He was an alumnus of the College of Kilkenny.

UNITED STATES: 1. *Return of Archbishop Hughes.* — 2. *See of Chicago.* — 3. *Letter of the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. BEDINI, to the Archbishop of Baltimore.*

1. Tuesday, Feb. 28, the Most Rev. Archbishop HUGHES arrived at New Orleans from Havana, enjoying an apparent vigor and health which he had not for a long time previous. "*Nous avons eu peine, un instant, à en croire nos yeux, tant nous l'avons trouvé changé en mieux,*" says the *Propagateur Catholique* — "We could scarcely believe our own eyes, at first, so much changed for the better did we find him!" *Deo gratias.* His Grace quitted New Orleans on the 8th March, to return slowly to his diocese. During his stay at New Orleans he visited most of the churches and charitable institutions, and received a great deal of attention from the clergy and laity. All who visited him were struck, says the *Propagateur*, with the calmness and gentleness of his manners.

2. The Archbishop of St. Louis has received the bulls appointing the Very Rev. Anthony O'Regan, Superior and Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of St. Louis, at Carondelet, near the city of St. Louis, to the See of Chicago.

3. His Excellency the Nuncio Apostolic, Monsignor BEDINI, reached England in safety after a somewhat stormy passage, and by this time will have arrived at Rome to give to the Holy Father an account of his mission of amity and peace. He wrote from London a letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, of which, by the kindness of our venerated metropolitan, we are permitted to give the following translation. Nothing that we might say could add to the interest and the emotion with which this beautiful letter will be read by the Catholics of the United States: we therefore forbear all comment.

LETTER OF THE APOSTOLIC NUNCIO

TO THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

MONSIGNORE MIO VENERATISSIMO:

Behold me safe at last on the other side of the Ocean! The first sentiment awakened within me is that of gratitude towards so many who will have accompanied me from your side with their fervent prayers. Your Grace and all the good Catholics of America have the most ample right to that sentiment from me, and it is very sweet to me to consecrate to the most lively expression of it towards them, the first lines which I trace on the soil of Europe.

On the Atlantic, also, we had moments very tempestuous, and which sufficiently recalled to my mind those not dissimilar ones which I experienced in New York when least my heart expected them, that is to say, when it was so much delighted with the courteous and joyful and most honorable welcomes, which for so many months were lavished upon me. Oh what a festivity did the evil-disposed disturb in the hearts of those good Catholics! What bitterness did they seek to shed into the kindnesses which were so peacefully reciprocated between the devoted children and the Envoy of their most loving Father! They had indeed too fair an opportunity to poison the joy of a holy family always becoming more inflamed with the ardor of faith and charity; nevertheless they will never prevail to destroy the dear remembrance of that blessed enthusiasm and of that most holy reciprocated affection; never will they prevail to dissipate the effect of so many benedictions which, in the name of God the Redeemer, and of His Vicar upon earth, were given, I confess it, with the most lively affection of my soul. Moreover, to the eye of faith that madness was the most evident sign of good, since the common enemy measures his anger by the extent of his losses. If any one wishes to pretend that all this fury of certain refugees had only a political color, and not a religious one, why select as a pretext my brief political life, in that most difficult charge entrusted to me of governing a million of the subjects of the Pontifical States,

after the delirium of a spent Revolution? But whoever has a particle of sense, and the least grain of experience, knows well that quite different was the origin of that raving madness, and quite different its scope. My political life, even as it concerned *them*, had not the least importance! never! Their most celebrated chiefs never occupied themselves with me even in their wildest declamations.

Arrived in America with a function wholly of courtesy, of love and of peace, what new element was superadded to exasperate them against me? And what field did they select to give vent to their rage? In what modes and with what consequences did they lend themselves to the spirit of darkness to cast mortification and fear into the camp of Christ? Oh what shameful pages will history trace in their regard and in regard to those who concurred with them in these street orgies, and those, too, who knew not how to restrain them!

They abused first the most unbounded and generous hospitality, and afterwards the credulity of a nation which is already great and which aspires to destinies still greater. If they could not claim that abused nation as an accomplice, they rendered it at least responsible for what took place before its eyes, under its laws and on its soil; namely, for a most savage attempt, capable of causing any nation whatever to descend a thousand degrees in the scale of its dignity.

They next deceived and betrayed it in the most delicate of its sentiments, since, to excite it to a generous indignation, they invented facts which never had any existence, imagined, according to their own pleasure, actions, influences, powers and exercises of power, *which I never had*, and portrayed, on the model perhaps of their own hearts, such a monster of cruelty and villainy as to move, one knows not whether to indignation most, or to ridicule. And that portion of the public prints which received as oracular this echo of Hell,—which diffused it, repeated it, expounded it with the most heroi-comical simplicity in the world, and with the most inexcusable complicity,—what service has it rendered to its nation?

Oh, I am sure that every honest American knows it now, and when this portion of the press shall also know the absurd phantasm which it has followed, the evil genius to which it has rendered service, it will experience, at the due time, an exemplary mortification. It will then wish perhaps to make amends for the wrong, but History has already noted down with her own hand those frenzied and brutal demonstrations, and nothing henceforth can obliterate them. The shame and confusion that will succeed, then, on those foreheads, we shall be able only to pity, not to remove, because they will remain there as long as the pages shall last on which history has registered these events.

The nation redeemed itself greatly, it is true, in the really courageous and true words which its Senate spoke in defence of, and respect for, the Envoy of Rome: it was in that moment that one Capitol rendered itself entirely worthy of the other: but I cannot help reflecting that, notwithstanding, such words did not avail to put a stop to those furious outrages, or even to protect my life from the same dangers. I supposed that a Government would act upon, and in harmony with, those noble words, to which I will never cease rendering the tribute of eulogium and gratitude; but the hopes thus awakened, and, in fine, the promises given, resulted in nothing: inaction became the servant of the delirium of a few, and those even foreigners: and I was obliged to be convinced that for more than one palace in Washington the inscription dictated by Job would be most appropriate—*fuissem quasi non essem*.

I must render an account to my Sovereign of the effect at least of his most kindly-intended letters, but the silence of those who received them will explain my own silence, and this discourteous and insulting lesson for the Sovereign of Rome will not be lost on any other chief of a nation and of a state, who may ever wish to lavish civilities and courtesies from the other side of the Atlantic. Certainly it is not thus that great nations are governed and served. There is indeed a common code for them all, nor is there an ocean to divide them in the fulfilment of their paramount duties, for the flagrant violation of which, those who rule or represent their destinies are obliged to answer. The judgment to be passed on this affair the Nations of the two worlds have already formed,

and not some miserable bribed and shameless print on the banks of the Ohio or of the Hudson.

Pardon me, my most venerated Lord, (*Monsignore Veneratissimo*), if I give vent for one moment to some flash of anger. I know not how to restrain it against him whom I consider the only or the principal guilty cause of this scandal and mortification; him who disgraced his office, betrayed his mission, and was deaf to public opinion after having himself deceived and perverted it. I turn instantly to those sentiments which alone ought to triumph in whosoever bears the Cross on his breast, not only as a symbol of true dignity, but also as a symbol of that cross which the persecutions of Hell cause him more truly to bear in the heart. Oh! let that power of darkness unchain itself as much as it can, through its organs, those apostasies so various, and so faithful to it; I will not retract one of the innumerable benedictions which I scattered on the land of Columbus: I will remember always with pride the joyful and loving receptions, the words interchanged in the midst of the most holy solemnities, the mutual edification which we experienced in our hearts in the fulfilment of so many acts which derived from my Episcopal Ministry: ever shall I hold dear the remembrance of the American people, whom I blessed with all my soul in their institutions, in their churches, in their sick, in their young children, true and principal treasure, sweet and precious hope of religion and of the country. My heart will always give a throb of tender and grateful affection, my lips will always breathe a prayer for them, and this hand, which, always ready, clasped so many others on that side of the Atlantic, will ever be raised with equal readiness to bless them, in whatever corner of the earth my destinies may cast me. I shall always fervently rejoice that I had in my long journeys no other end than that of satisfying the desires of the Bishops and of the Catholics. From this holy end, your Grace knows well that the menaces upon my life itself, were, even from the beginning, unable to divert me. I terminated my course only when the reiterated commands of the Holy Father obliged me to return to Europe; and the daggers and calumnies and outrages which were the most noble arms of my enemies, and which alone sufficed to stamp them; as they have rendered my mission more holy, because more persecuted, so they have infused into me greater courage to despise them, trusting in the power of the Supreme Keys, and in the efficacy of so many prayers which, in the two worlds, rose for my safety, and still rise, to the throne of God. Who knows not that persecutions are the most glorious and most inevitable heritage of our Ministry? Who perceives not in this the most efficacious means for increasing in the Faith, for kindling more with the ardors of holy charity, for extending as always the kingdom of Jesus Christ? Oh, how little would my mission have been worthy of Him, if it had been scattered only with roses! I bless those thorns which mortified it: they are the blessed seal which qualified it and rendered it more holy. Let them plant the indignity which perfected it in the very quick of the heart, the field which received that seed will not delay to bring forth abundant and blessed fruits. *Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terra mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet* Could there be words more true and more consoling than these for one who was the object of the anger of hell in the exercise of a ministry all of love and of peace? And more opportunely still does that sacred seed receive a comment from the words — *mortificandum infidelitate Judæorum, multiplicandum fide populorum*. It is the unbelieving who have the office of mortifying that seed, but the successful harvest is multiplied under the hands of a people that perseveres, that believes, that adores, and that knows how to receive in the heart, with equal faith, benediction and mortification. Behold the part which belongs to the good Catholics of those vast regions; I point it out as their duty and as their comfort; I recommend it as a precious memento of my sojourn among them; and I confess that the hope of seeing them persevere in good, even of increasing and multiplying in it through the most painful and mortifying occurrences that may befall, renders less grievous to my heart the moment which separates me from them, and perhaps separates me from them forever. Oh yes! I feel that this thought and this separation cost too dear to my sensibility! But yet I bless the tender emotion which I experience, because it will find an echo in the hearts of so many whom I have seen and blessed, and will confound those enemies of God and man who with so much malice would have

wished to break the sacred chain of ardent charity which bound us together, would have wished to see every where dried up the source of the holy affection, with which we mingled together joy and sadness, pain and triumph — *but their desire will perish*:— it will be, in fine, a constant pledge of reciprocal, not ungrateful reminiscence, and of common prayer for our greater good and for the multiplied glories of our holy religion.

Meanwhile for a more sensible proof of my gratitude, and of pious remembrance, which may recall my journey, I send at the same time to your Grace and to your colleagues a number of pictures of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini, which I caused to be there expressly engraved, the engraving being done from a Daguerreotype taken from the wonderful picture itself, and given me by the pious and zealous bishop of that city. That portentous moving of the pupils took place precisely during my civil jurisdiction, when I presided over the government of Bologna. It was very just after the attention of the American people had been drawn to those events of my commissaryship which depended in no way upon me, or which arose solely from the implacable anger of a few lost individuals, that I should call it also to one which more truly distinguished and privileged it. Without pledging a divine faith on this subject, since I believe that the only authoritative sentence of the Vatican has not yet intervened, still how much force in itself has a faith, all human though it be, in favor of the well established prodigy; and the diffusion of a picture so blessed, and so full of celestial inspiration, I consider will be grateful to Catholic hearts, and more than grateful, useful and efficacious for their piety. If others collected the mire which impeded my difficult administration, let them have this its true gem; and as the former with that inflamed themselves to anger, to outrages, and to curses, let these by this be inflamed to faith, to love, to devotion, to piety, and to every fairest virtue which can render them worthy of so dear a treasure. Yes! this beautiful contradiction will also appear at the sight of this picture, to wit, that so many who yielded so prompt a credulity to the false and most injurious narratives of one individual, will glory in being the most incredulous in resisting the assertions of thousands and thousands who have testified to that prodigious movement of the eyes, and who through a sudden and irrepressible emotion found their own eyes in tears and their hearts in commotion. Having a blind and most prompt faith for calumnies and for falsehood, they will have none whatever for the most marvellous truths: and throwing themselves with full appetite and without disgust upon tales which degrade and corrupt the man who believes them, will profess themselves too experienced and too sagacious not to reject with scorn and contempt the faithful relation of events which ennoble the human species and console it, putting it in more evident relation with the divinity even, of which it bears itself the image since the first moment that the vital breath was given to the clay of Eden. But this is language lost upon them: *non omnes recipiunt verbum istud*. I must limit myself to pray the same blessed Lady of Rimini, that benignant she would turn her merciful eyes upon this land, where to me it is most sweet to distribute this her image. Oh may this most powerful Mother of the God-Man console with her celestial glance so many of her children who will seek in her maternal heart the fountain of so many graces; and may she in so many others also, who, bathed in the blood of her Son, still obstinately refuse to call her their Mother, work the not less rare prodigy of opening their eyes to notions more true, more just, more dear, more holy.

I ought to ask pardon, Monsignore Mio Veneratissimo: I perceive that with this burst I have usurped a field which is wholly your own; to your Grace rather than to me belongs the language which exhorts, counsels and entreats in the name of the faith. Pardon it, however, to the overflowing sentiment with which I am at this moment seized, full of reminiscences as lively as they are varied towards these Americans, whom now only does it appear to me that I am quitting, and whom I will term, indeed, always dear to my heart, even without distinction of faith. Be my interpreter with them, Monsignore, when and how you can; know me, as ever, ready to obey your wishes; honor me with your constant good will; and believe, that to the highest esteem and veneration for your Grace and for all your Episcopal colleagues, I add the most sincere and the most unbounded affection.

G. BEDINI,

Archbishop of Thebes, Apostolic Nuncio.

London, 17th February, 1851.